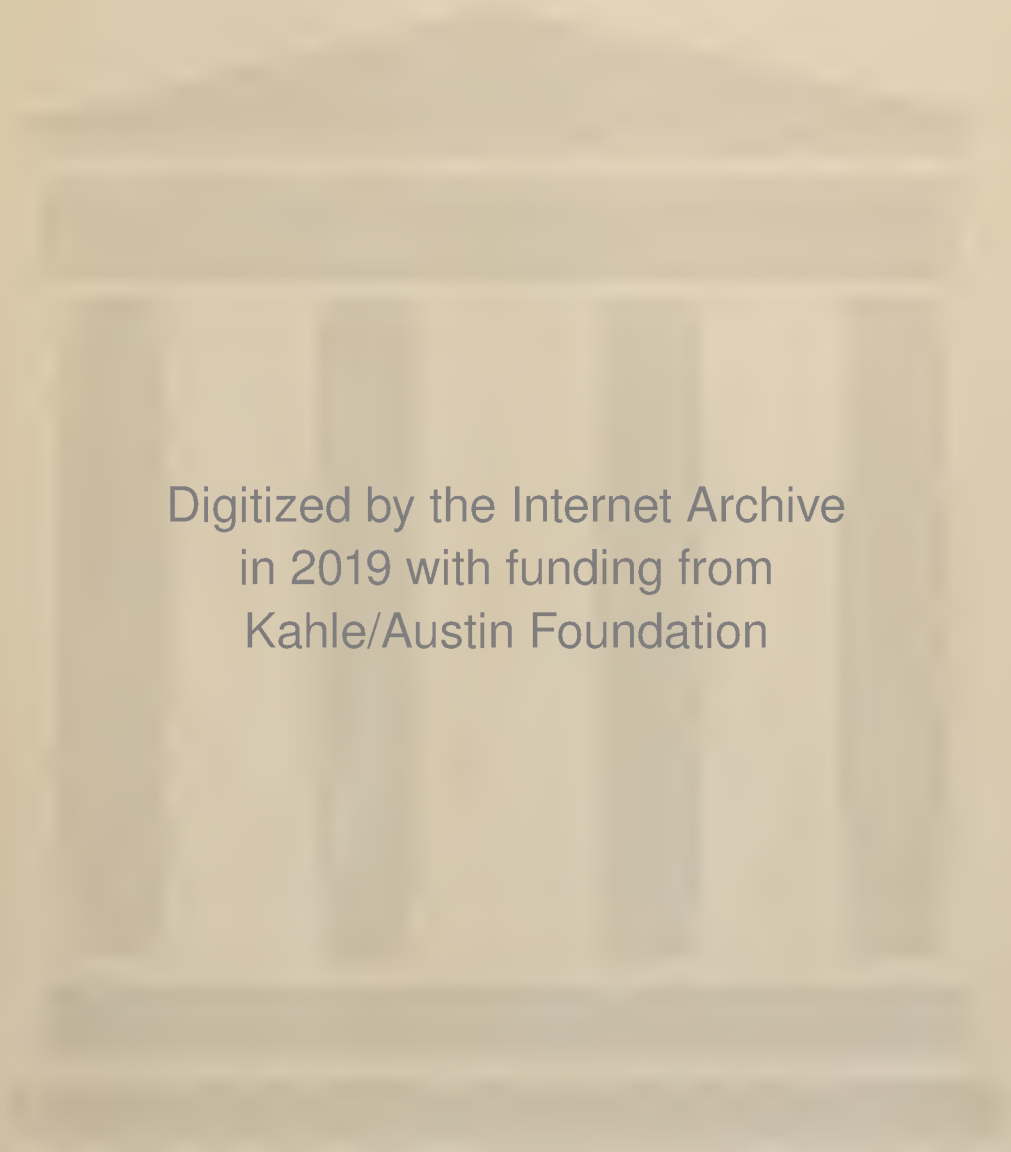
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HERMIONE

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has published a book with a dreary name:
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal,
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me, and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine wise name), but she
Stooped in her wisdom and married *me.*

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrashed into me at school
The world and its fights have thrashed away:
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in city circles I say my say.
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the Times,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy-chair;
Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.
A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over
A filigree tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me?
And Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?

Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue about;
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife with the serious eyes
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learnèd lips that the learnèd praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days;
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men:
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs and blushes, and kisses again;
And presto! fly! goes her wisdom then!
For boy claps hands, and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me;
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out:
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learnèd face!

This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why,
For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT

From 'Farm Ballads.' Copyright 1882, by Harper & Brothers

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan, it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;—
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime:
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart:
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed:
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea;
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow:
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl,
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say:
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together — and many a weary week —
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why then I won't live at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree:
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine:
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer, — the very first paragraph, —
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; — a man can thrive and roam,
But women are skeery critters unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay —
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day —
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at:
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon:

Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I'm dead at last she'll bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here.

WILL CARLETON.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP

From 'Farm Ballads.' Copyright 1892, by Harper & Brothers

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay:
Don't cut down your figures,—make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd have tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road:
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to have held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

«But,» says I, «we're too far along to take another track;
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two:»
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hilltop I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper 's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down in my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir,—I didn't come to inquire,—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out of doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross, the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer: don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

WILL CARLETON.

WHEN MY COUSIN COMES TO TOWN

CHERRY VALLEY'S finest raiment —
Quaint, yet beautiful to see —
Rightly decks its fairest claimant
To sweet femininity.

Miss New York, *au fait* in fashion,
Smiles at Cherry Valley's gown —
Smile half envy, half compassion —
When my cousin comes to town.

Miles on miles of streets of shopping;
How she revels in the sights!
Every window finds her stopping
To examine its delights.

And I join in her inspection,
For two sparkling eyes of brown
Show in the plate-glass reflection
When my cousin comes to town.

If she warms about the city
In her healthy, happy way,
Miss New York politely witty
Is about her *naïveté*.

But to men, such girlish rapture
Is a far from common noun,
And each day shows some fresh capture
When my cousin comes to town.

Goes the maid to Seidl's, Sousa's,
Horse Show, Metropolitan —
Over each one she enthuses
As but Cherry Valley can.

Is it strange when breezes waft her
Homeward, sorrow weighs me down?
I am "broke" for six weeks after,
When my cousin comes to town.

W. P. BOURKE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY

From 'Nothing to Wear'

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;—
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather:
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall,—
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal:
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store:
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,—
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Argo
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,—
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest that they invested

Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside,
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert — this you know is between us —
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers's Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
When at the same moment she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called her "affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove:
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love —
Without any romanee, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions;
It was one of the quietest business transactions,

With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,—
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like,—now stop, don't you speak,—
And you must not come here more than twice in a week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball;
But always be ready to come when I call:
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,—
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be,
That as long as I choose I am perfectly free:
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey, and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckups' grand ball,—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe,—
I considered it only my duty to call
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found—I won't say I caught—her
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied: "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust; for 'tis now nine and more:
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your Ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty and graces and presence to lend
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly — I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear? Go just as you are:
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon —" I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
(Second turn-up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade." —
"Your blue silk —" "That's too heavy." — "Your pink —"
"That's too light." —
"Wear tulle over satin." "I can't endure white." —
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch —"
"I haven't a thread of point-lace to match." —
"Your brown moire-antique —" "Yes, and look like a
Quaker." —
"The pearl-colored —" "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
Has had it a week." — "Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation) —
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation." —
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* —" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it;
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen." —
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine,
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine —"
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here I *ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash—
Quite innocent, though; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you!—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why, what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher):
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief:
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say:
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry,—I hardly knew how,—
On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up-stairs, in my own easy-chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,—
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

A THRENODY

«The Ahkoond of Swat is dead.»—London Papers of January 22d, 1876

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,—
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.

Dead, dead, dead:
Sorrow, Swats!
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats wham he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water:
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,

But laid 'mid worms to rot,—
His mortal part alone;—his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround,
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned:
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

OLD GRIMES

OLD GRIMES is dead! that good old man
We never shall see more:
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true:
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned:
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design:
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true:
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er:
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown:
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert:
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay:
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view:
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances:
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran:
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

ALBERT GORTON GREENE.

NARCISSUS IN CAMDEN (1882)

[« In the course of his lecture, Mr. —— remarked that the most impressive room he had yet entered in America was the one in Camden town where he met —— ——. It contained plenty of fresh air and sunlight. . . . On the table was a simple cruse of water.»]

PAUMANOKIDES

WHO may this be?
This young man clad unusually, with loose locks, languorous, glidingly toward me advancing,
Toward the ceiling of my chamber his orbic and expressive eyeballs uprolling,
As I have seen the green-necked wild-fowl, the mallard, in the thundering of the storm,
By the weedy shore of Paumanok my fish-shaped island.

Sit down, young man!
I do not know you, but I love you with burning intensity,
I am he that loves the young men, whosoever and wheresoever they are or may be hereafter, or may have been any time in the past,
Loves the eye-glassed literat, loves also and probably more the vender of clams, raucous-throated, monotonous-chanting,
Loves the Elevated Railroad employé of Mannahatta, my city;
I suppress the rest of the list of the persons I love, solely because I love you,
Sit down *élève*, I receive you!

NARCISSUS

O clarion, from whose brazen throat
Strange sounds across the sea are blown,
Where England, girt as with a moat,
A strong sea-lion, sits alone!

A pilgrim from that white-cliffed shore,
What joy, large flower of Western land!
To seek thy democratic door,
With eager hand to clasp thy hand!

PAUMANOKIDES

Right you are!
Take then the electric pressure of these fingers, O my comrade!
I do not doubt you are the one I was waiting for, as I loafed here enjoying my soul,
Let us two under all and any circumstances stick together from this out!

NARCISSUS

Seeing that isle of which I spake but late.
By ignorant demagogues is held in fee,
The grand Greek limbs of young Democracy
Beckoned me thence to this ideal State,
Where maiden fields of life Hellenic wait
For one who in clear culture walks apart
(Avoiding all rude clamors of the mart
That mar his calm) to sow the seeds of great
Growths yet to be — the love of sacred Art,
And Beauty, of this breast queen consecrate,
Whose throne mean Science seeks to violate;
The flawless artist's lunacy serene,
His purely passionate and perfect hate
And noble scorn of all things Philistine.

PAUMANOKIDES

Hold up there, Camerado!
Beauty is all very good as far as it goes, and Art, the perpetuator of Beauty, is all very good as far as it goes, but you can tell your folks,
Your folks in London, or in Dublin, or in Rome, or where the Arno flows, or where Seine flows,
Your folks in the picture-galleries, admiring the Raphaels, the Tintorettos, the Rubenses, Vandykes, Correggios, Murillos, Angelicos of the world,
(I know them all, they have effused to me, I have wrung them out, I have abandoned them, I have got beyond them) —

NARCISSUS

[*aside, with tenderness*]

Ah, Burne-Jones!

PAUMANOKIDES

Tell them that I am considerably more than Beauty!
I, representing the bone and muscle and cartilage and adipose tissue and pluck of the Sierras, of California, of the double Carolinas, of the Granite State, and the Narragansett Bay State, and the Wooden Nutmeg State!
I, screaming with the scream of the bald-headed bird the eagle in the primitive woods of America my country, in the hundred and sixth year of these States!

Dear son, I have learned the secret of the Universe,
I learned it from my original *bonne*, the white-capped ocean,
I learned it from the Ninth-Month Equinoctial, from the redwood tree, and the Civil War, and the hermit-thrush, and the telephone, and the Corliss engine,
The secret of the Universe is not Beauty, dear son, nor is it Art the perpetuator of Beauty,
The secret of the Universe is to admire one's self.
Camerado, you hear me!

NARCISSUS

Ah, I too, loitering on an eve of June
Where one wan narciss leaned above a pool,
While overhead Queen Dian rose too soon,
And through the Tyrian clematis the cool
Night airs came wandering wearily,—I too,
Beholding that pale flower, beheld life's key at last, and knew

That love of one's fair self were but indeed
Just worship of pure Beauty; and I gave
One sweet, sad sigh, then bade my fond eyes feed
Upon the mirrored treasure of the wave,
Like that lithe beauteous boy in Tempe's vale,
Whom hapless Echo loved—thou knowest the Heliconian tale!

And while heaven's harmony in lake and gold
Changed to a faint nocturne of silvern-gray,
Like rising sea-mists from my spirit rolled
The grievous vapors of this Age of Clay,
Beholding Beauty's re-arisen shrine,
And the white glory of this precious loveliness of mine!

PAUMANOKIDES

I catch on, my Comrade!—
You allow that your aim is similar to mine, after all is said and done.
Well, there is not much similarity of style, and I recommend my style to you.
Go gaze upon the native rock-piles of Mannahatta, my city,
Formless, reckless,
Marked with the emerald miracle of moss, tufted with the unutterable wonder of the exquisite green grass,
Giving pasture to the spry and fearless-footed quadruped, the goat,
Also patched by the heaven-ambitious citizens with the yellow hand-bill, the advertisement of patent soaps, the glaring and varicolored circus poster:

Mine too, for reasons, such arrays;
Such my unfettered verse, scorning the delicatesse of dilettantes.
Try it, I'll stake you my ultimate dollar you'll like it.

NARCISSUS

[*gracefully waiving the point*]

Haply in the far, the orient future, in the dawn we herald like the birds,
Men shall read the legend of our meeting, linger o'er the music of our words:

Haply coming poets shall compare me then to Milton in his lovely youth,
Sitting in the cell of Galileo, learning at his elder's lips the truth.

Haply they shall liken these dear moments, safely held in History's amber clear,
Unto Dante's converse bland with Virgil, on the margin of that gloomy mere!

PAUMANOKIDES

Do not be deceived, dear son;
Amid the choruses of the morn of progress, roaring, hilarious, those names will be heard no longer.
Galileo was admirable once, Milton was admirable,
Dante the *I*-talian was a cute man in his way,
But he was not the maker of poems, the Answerer,
I Paumanokides am the maker of poems, the Answerer!
And I calculate to chant as long as the earth revolves,
To an interminable audience of haughty, effusive, copious, gritty, and chipper Americanos!

NARCISSUS

What more is left to say or do?
Our minds have met; our hands must part.
I go to plant in pastures new
The love of Beauty and of Art.
I'll shortly start.
One town is rather small for two
Like me and you!

PAUMANOKIDES

So long!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

RHYME OF THE RAIL

SINGING through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of fame,
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green;

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles grow thicker,—
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker-
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers,—
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to a stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-à-vis:
Baby keeps a-squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

THE SEA

SHE was rich and of high degree;
A poor and unknown artist he.
"Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked the day
That Aphrodite arose from its spray;
And it broke, as she gazed on its face the while,
Into its countless-dimpled smile.
"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she:
"I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,
Storming, with fierce and sudden shock,
A towering, mighty fastness-rock;—
In its sides, above those leaping crests,
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.
"What a disagreeable daub!" said she:
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea!"

Then he painted a stretch of hot brown sand,
With a big hotel on either hand,
And a handsome pavilion for the band;—
Not a sign of water to be seen,
Except one faint little streak of green.
"What a perfectly exquisite picture!" said she:
"It's the very *image* of the sea!"

EVA L. OGDEN.

FROM 'CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE QUARTERS'

GO 'WAY fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin';
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you heah de banjo talkin'?
About de 'possum's tail she's gwine to lecter—ladies, listen—
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin'.

"Dar's gwine to be a oberflow," said Noah, lookin' solemn,—
Fur Noah tuk de Herald, an' he read de ribber column;—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-cl'arin' timber patches,
An' 'lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat de steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin', an' a-chippin', an' a-sawin';
An' all the wicked neighbors kep' a-laughin' an' a-pshawin',

But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' what wuz gwine to happen;
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done catched a lot of ebry sort of beas'es:
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' sebral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em 'board de Ark as soon 's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain! It come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, and busted troo de lebbee;
De people all wuz drownded out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat, an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' *an'* a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up, an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled,—tell whut wid all de fussin'
You c'u'd'nt hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stand de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hisse'f, he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge an' screws an' aprin,
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twas berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk some tin, an' twisted him a thimble fur to ring it:
An' den de mighty question riz—how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'rs so long an' thick an' strong—des fit for banjo-stringin':
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, from little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz «Nebber min' de wedder»—
She soun' like forty-lebben bands a-playin' all togedder.
Some went to pattin', some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers,
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slightes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat nigger's ways—his people nebber los' 'em—
Fur whar you finds de nigger, dar's de banjo an' de 'possum.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

THE V-A-S-E

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
*Sinistra quum Bostonia.**

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

*It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

THE POSTER KNIGHT TO HIS LADY

OH PRITHEE, swing thy casement wide
And listen, gentle maid,
While I, thy poster knight, twang forth
A poster serenade.

The dark-mauve sun has sunk to rest
Behind the square red hill;
No more the orange ostrich struts
Beside the yellow rill.

The pale-blue cows with coral eyes
Have left the sable lawn;
And all the dainty purple sheep,
They too, beloved, have gone.

Cavorting through the chocolate hedge,
No ramphorhyncus comes;
From yonder plum-tree none essay
To pluck the curly plums.

Then haste, I pray thee, loved one, haste!
Bind up that Nile-green tress;
Enhance thy beauteous angles by
Thy most composite dress.

Then forth into the Beardsley night
We'll issue hand in hand,
To plight our fin-de-siècle vows
In dreaming Poster Land.

SCHUYLER KING.

HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blayin':
I felled in lofe mit a Merican Frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I vent dere, you'll pe pound.
I valzet mit Madilda Yane
Und vent shpinnen round und round.
De pootiest Fräulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
I dells you it cost him dear.
Dey rolled in more ash seven kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer,
Und venefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer.
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty:
Dere all vas Souse und Brouse;
Ven de sopper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house.
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,
De Bratwurst and Braten fine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty.
We all cot troonk as bigs.
I poot mine mout to a parrel of bier,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs.
Und denn I gissed Madilda Yane
Und she shlog me on de kop,
Und de gompany fited mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE PROTEST

As long as I'm a Protestant,
I'm bounden to protest:
Come, every German musiciant,
And fiddle me his best!
You're singing of "the free old Rhine";
But I say, No, good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest.
And since that time I've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped;
And blessed be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest,—
That who's a Protestant indeed
For ever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me?
For from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
What always was confessed,
As long as we are Protestants,
We sternly must protest.
And when they sing "the free old Rhine,"
Answer them "No," good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that you shall protest.

George Herwegh.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

YOU, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you fur to know, sah,
I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin':
You's pawful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out:
Fus' t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll w'ar dis line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up:
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,—
You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' troo it!
Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks, dey would 'a' beat him:
Now dat would only heat him;
I know jes' how to treat him:
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger;
If he wuz only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,—
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de Debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah more'n a week?

Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast wuz sp'iled in raisin'!
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

OLD ASSYRIAN

IN THE Black Whale at Ascalon
A man drank day by day,
Till, stiff as any broom-handle,
Upon the floor he lay.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The landlord said, "I say,
He's drinking of my date-juice wine
Much more than he can pay!"

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The waiters brought the bill,
In arrow-heads on six broad tiles,
To him who thus did swill.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
The guest cried out, "O woe!
I spent in the Lamb at Nineveh
My money long ago!"

In the Black Whale at Ascalon,
The clock struck half-past four,
When the Nubian porter he did pitch
The stranger from the door.

In the Black Whale at Ascalon
No prophet hath renown;
And he who there would drink in peace
Must pay the money down.

JOSEF VIKTOR VON SCHEFFEL.

Translation of C. G. Leland.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never missed:
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those who dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the revolution.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance:
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I blamed their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was
By such prevarication.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,

My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir:
And this preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I nevermore will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign,
Still I'll be Vicar of Bray, sir.

Author Unknown.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES

ST. ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes;
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all hither drawn;
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
No sermon beside
Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear St. Antonius.
No sermon beside
Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
No sermon beside
Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
No sermon beside
Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the Devil had got 'em.
No sermon beside
Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature:
At God's word,
They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set;
All the sermon forget:
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

Author Unknown.

THE THREE WARNINGS

A Tale

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years,—
So much that in our later stages,
When pain grows sharp and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess but few perceive,—
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round and all were gay,
On Neighbor Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room:
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried:
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared;
My thoughts on other matters go:
This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard:
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,

In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when again I call this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe and stroked his horse,
The willing Muse shall tell:
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now one night in musing mood,
As all alone he sat,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined:
"To spare the aged would be kind.
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings,

But for that loss of time and ease
I can recover damages."

"I know," cried Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least.
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."
"Hold!" says the farmer; "not so fast:
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking story, faith,
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unwarrantable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along; no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart;
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate. So ends my tale.

HESTER THRALE PIOZZI

THE LADYE LOVE

From 'The Yearn of the Romantic'

SHE was hardened not with knowledge of the boarding-school or college;
She was sung at oft in language that she did not understand;
But was learned in all romancing, and in dancing, and in glancing—
Stately, fair, and tender-hearted was the Ladye of the Land.

Though she dressed in shocking fashion, she inspired the deepest passion,
And a tune upon her lutelet was a very dangerous thing;
For her smiles, were all imploring, and her sigh set all adoring,
And she strung the hearts around her like the beads upon a string.

Now, at tourneys gayly quartered, she would see her lieges slaughtered,
Till the solitary relic crawled to crown her "Beauty's Queen";
Then, from tops of balustradings, she would sigh to serenadings,
Or, with hawk or hound and suitors, she would gallop o'er the green.

Any summer morn awaking, full of sentiment and quaking
At the ditties and the clatter of her lovers keeping guard,
She'd behold with charming satisfaction — peeping through her lattice —
Scores of guitars and of gallants shattered all about her yard!

Any day she'd feel neglected if not forcibly selected
As the booty of some Baron, who would make her will his law;
Any night she'd slumber hoping to be wakened by eloping
On the pommel of the saddle of a Knight she never saw.

Then, how charmingly exciting! setting twenty knights to fighting,
And be forced to wed the victor, who would come to claim her glove!
Or to have to sit for hours in the tallest kind of towers,
On the thinnest sort of diet, till her heart should learn to love!

They would call her cold and cruel: yet they'd fight the daily duel,
And lay vows of love eternal and despairing at her shrine;
When at last some one would win her, they would oft neglect their dinner,
And would talk for days of dying, or of far-off Palestine!

When her Liege would go crusading, or his neighbors' lands invading,
Then from highest turret windows would she wave her lily hands:
Or, perchance, ere seeking Vandals, he would lock her safe from scandals,
And she'd pine, from quiet convents, for her lord in Paynim lands.

Thus, a-smiling and a-sighing, and a-laughing and a-crying,
With her eyes as stars or diamonds, and her hair as silk or gold —
Never maid so sentimental, never matron half so gentle,
Never love so true and tender, as the Ladye Love of old!

GEORGE M. DAVIE.

CAGES AND RHYMES

BLESS your hearts, ye little birds,
That you woke me with your singing!
Balmily the vernal air
Greets me, from my pillow springing!

And the little birds sang on,
Undisturbed by my appearing;
True and trustful, there they sat,
With their hymns the morning cheering.

For the darlings noticed not
Snares I slyly spread around them,
Till their little feet were caught
In the threads that closely bound them.

Every morn (I thought) their songs
Would a thrill of joy send through me;
And of happiness the deep
Secret they would whisper to me.

Ah! my error soon I found;—
Say, what stillness has come o'er you?
In a golden palace lodged,
Plenteous food and drink before you!

But no answer did they give,
Pecking wildly at the wire;
And no morning serenade
Can I win for love or hire. . . .

Many a grand and stately thought
Round my musing mind will flutter,
Which, with sweat of brow and brain
Caught in rhyme, I fain would utter.

But so stiff and dead they seemed,
With these fetters round them clinging,
Never they, you would have deemed,
From a human heart came singing.

KARL KNORTZ.

Translation of C. T. Brooks.

LARKS AND NIGHTINGALES

ALONE I sit at eventide:
The twilight glory pales,
And o'er the meadows far and wide
Chant pensive bobolinks.
(One might say nightingales!)

Song-sparrows warble on the tree,
I hear the purling brook,
And from the old "manse o'er the lea"
Flies slow the cawing crow.
(In England 'twere a rook!)

The last faint golden beams of day
Still glow on cottage panes,
And on their lingering homeward way
Walk weary laboring men.
(Oh, would that we had swains!)

From farm-yards, down fair rural glades
Come sounds of tinkling bells,
And songs of merry brown milkmaids,
Sweeter than oriole's.
(Yes, thank you — Philomel's!)

I could sit here till morning came,
All through the night hours dark,
Until I saw the sun's bright flame
And heard the chickadee.
(Alas! we have no lark!)

We have no leas, no larks, no rooks,
No swains, no nightingales,
No singing milkmaids (save in books):
The poet does his best —
It is the rhyme that fails!

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

LAPSUS CALAMI

Will there never come a season
Which shall rid us from the curse
Of a prose which knows no reason
And an unmelodious verse;
When the world shall cease to wonder
At the genius of an ass,
And a boy's eccentric blunder
Shall not bring success to pass;

When mankind shall be delivered
From the clash of magazines,
And the inkstand shall be shivered
Into countless smithereens:
When there stands a muzzled stripling,
Mute, beside a muzzled bore,—
When the Rudyards cease from kipling,
And the Haggards ride no more?

James Kenneth Stephen.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

Conversation between an Anxious Mother and a Policeman at the World's Exhibition

"Good policeman, tell me, pray,
Has my daughter passed this way?
You may know her by her bonnet,
Yellow shawl, and brooch upon it:
Far and near I've sought the girl;
I have lost her in the whirl.
Do you think she yonder goes,
Where the Crystal Fountain flows?"

"Ma'am," says he, "on this here ground,
Whatsomdever's lost is found:
Rest quite heasy in your mind,—
I your daughter soon will find!
Though she's got to forrin lands,
Hicy-burgs or Hegypt's sands,
Still, depend on 't, soon she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Perhaps Italian h'art attracts
Her, or them there flowers in wax.
May be she has got hup-stairs
In among they heasy-chairs,
And like Gulliver is sleeping
Where them Lillipushums 's creeping:
But she'll wake, and then she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Yet, good ma'am, I should explain,
She may stop a bit in Spain,
Smelling of them Porto snuffs,
Looking at the Turkish stuffs;
Or if warm, a Chiny fan,
Offered by the Tartar man,
Will refresh her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"She may see the silver things,—
Little watches, chains, and rings;
Or mayhap, ma'am, she may stray
Where the monster horgans play;
Or the music of all sorts,
Great and small pianny-forts,
May detain her as she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!

"Or she may have gone in hope
Of a patent henvelope
To take home,—and if she's able,
Try to see the Roman table;
Or insist on one peep more
At the sparkling Koh-hi-nore:
Then, the chance is, on she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

"Well, policeman, certainly
You're the man to have an eye
Over such a place as this,
And to find a straying Miss!
Pray, good man, my daughter tell,
When she hears them ring the bell,
I shall find her, if she goes
Where the Crystal Fountain flows!"

From Punch.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK

MANY and many a year ago—
To say how many I scarcely dare—
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,
In the wide and open square,
Where, quaint and old and touched with gold
Of a summer morn, at stroke of noon
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,
And into the church with the crowd we strolled
To see their wonder, the famous Clock.

Well, my love, there are clocks a many,
As big as a house, as small as a penny;
And clocks there be with voices as queer
As any that torture human ear:
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,
That wheeze like a pump, and hoot like an owl,
From the coffin shape with its brooding face
That stands on the stair (you know the place),
Saying, "Click, cluck," like an ancient hen,
A-gathering the minutes home again,
To the kitchen knave with its wooden stutter,
Doing equal work with double splutter,
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"
But of all the clocks that tell Time's bead-roll,
There are none like this in the old Cathedral;
Never a one so bids you stand
While it deals the minutes with even hand:
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,
And some you dote on, and some you curse;
And clock and man may have such a way
Of telling the truth that you can't say nay.

So in we went and stood in the crowd
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud
With sound and symbol, the only tongue
The maker taught it while yet 'twas young.
And we saw St. Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,
And the twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow;
And strange that iron-legged procession,
And odd to us the whole impression,

As the crowd beneath in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing.

But I alone thought far in my soul
What a touch of genius was in the whole:
And felt how graceful had been the thought
Which for the signs of the months had sought,
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train;
And much I pondered, if he whose brain
Had builded this clock with labor and pain
Did only think, Twelve months there are,
And the Bible twelve will fit to a hair;
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,
Well-beloved John is the sign of June,
And changeful Peter hath April hours,
And Paul the stately, October bowers,
And sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,
Unto each one shall a month belong.

But beside the thought that under it lurks,
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works?

Author Unknown.

TO «PROWL,» MY CAT

You are life's true philosopher,
An epicure of air and sun,
An egoist in sable fur,
To whom all moralists are one.

You hold your race-traditions fast,—
While others toil, you simply live;
And, based upon a stable past,
Remain a sound conservative!

You see the beauty of the world
Through eyes of unalloyed content,
And in my study chair upcurled,
Move me to pensive wonderment!

I wish I knew your trick of thought,
The perfect balance of your ways;
They seem an inspiration caught
From other laws in older days.

Your padded footsteps prowl my room
Half in delight and half disdain;
You like this air of studious gloom
When streets without are cold with rain!

Some day, alas! you'll come to die,
And I shall lose a constant friend;
You'll take your last look at the sky,
And be a puzzle to the end!

"C. K. B." in London Spectator.

FOHI'S RETRIBUTION

FOHI the righteous, after journeyings wide,
A wealthy woman's house at night espied,
And faint from hunger, weary, and foot-sore,
Asked if he might not rest within her door.

But she was stern: "Vagrant, your way pursue;
My house was not designed for such as you:"
And, crowding him aside with cold disdain,
"No roving vagabonds I entertain."

Oppressed in heart, he turned his heavy feet
Where a poor woman lived across the street;
But ere he could his simple speech begin,
She met him at the gate and led him in.

Mixing some goat's milk with her crumbs of bread,
"This is my only food," the woman said;
"But if Fohi the humble fare should bless,
There will be full enough for both, I guess."

Then she prepared for him a couch of straw,
And when he fell asleep, with grief she saw
He had no under-robe — a plight so sad,
She made him one from all the cloth she had.

When from their breakfast guest and hostess rise,
She begged him not her simple gift despise,
And journeying with him for a little way,
He said, "May your first work last all the day."

Arriving home, she took the linen weft,
To fold and lay aside the pieces left,

When lo! it grew, till she, by working hard,
Filled up with cloth by night her house and yard!

When her rich neighbor saw this wondrous pelf,
Deeply annoyed, and vexed within herself,
She thought, although her lips could not complain,
"No such good fortune shall escape again."

Months after, Fohi came along once more,
When the rich woman met him at the door,
And pressed him in, and made him take a seat,
And cooked her very best for him to eat.

Then in the morning, sleep and breakfast done,
Of her fine garments gave she Fohi one,
And journeying with him for a little way,
He said, "May your first work last all the day."

So, turning back, but thinking all the while
Her cloth would turn into a mountainous pile,
She heard her cows, thirsting for water, low,
And said, "To fetch you drink, poor beasts, I go."

But as she poured into the trough her pail,
It emptied not, nor ever seemed to fail;
She kept on pouring, but it ran all day,
And drowned her cows, and swept her house away.

Her neighbors thought the highest heavens had rained,
And of the ruin to their lands complained—
Yet never ceased the source of all her ills
Until the sun sank down behind the hills.

JOEL BENTON.

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER

FOR Scotland's and for freedom's right,
The Bruce his part had played,
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed;
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought:
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive forlorn
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne,—
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed,—
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider-down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thoughts he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.

The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed:
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot;
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times his gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still:
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last—
The hero hailed the sign!—
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender silken line!
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen, for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even he who runs may read,—
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE WANTS OF MAN

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
—GOLDSMITH.

"MAN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with *me* exactly so—
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine;—
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell,
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire,
And cashmere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck;
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high for wholesome air,—
A massive marble pile:
With halls for banquets and for balls,
All furnished rich and fine;
With stabled studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park
My dwelling to surround;
A thousand acres (bless the mark),
With walls encompassed round,

Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls
For comfort and for ease;—
But here, as space is somewhat scant
And acres rather rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks,
A coachman, footman, grooms,
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnished rooms—
Correggio's 'Magdalen' and 'Night,'
The 'Matron of the Chair,'
Guido's fleet coursers in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing-press for private use
Of fifty thousand *ems;*
And plants and minerals and shells,
Worms, insects, fishes, birds,
And every beast on earth that dwells,
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnished plate
Of silver and of gold,
Tureens of twenty pounds in weight
With sculpture's richest mold;
Plateaus with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes all the same;
And porcelain vases with the stamps
Of Sèvres or Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors.

My walls, with tapestry bedecked,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colors from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantelpieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
A piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetic for the skin require
And artificial blooms.

The civet, fragrance shall dispense
And treasured sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when, at night, my weary head
Begins to droop and doze,
A southern chamber holds my bed
For nature's soft repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress and bed of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from Fortune's dart,
And bosom armed with steel
To bear divine chastisement's rod;
And mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye;
An ever listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;
A tongue to speak at virtue's need,
In Heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health
Throughout my long career;
And streams of never-failing wealth
To scatter far and near,

The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill;
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mold the will
And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land:
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind;
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human-kind:
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot want them long—
For life itself is but a span
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,

My soul, in humble hope unscared,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this thy want may be prepared
To meet the Judgment Day.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

AFTER THE PLAY

MID the tawdry purple and tinsel bright,
With a mimic crowd bowing low at his feet,
In crown and sceptre of gilt bedight,
And a poor robe falling in fold and pleat,
He stalks on the stage and takes a seat.
Ah well, let him prosper while he may:
The curtain's soon down, for the hours are fleet,
And the king's but a beggar after the play.
In his borrowed plumage, poor shallow cheat,
He struts the stage with a strange conceit;
But let him prosper while he may,
The king's but a beggar after the play.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

THE CLOWN'S SONG

"HERE I am!"—and the house rejoices;
Forth I tumble from out the slips;
"Here I am!"—and a hundred voices
Welcome me on with laughing lips.
The master, with easy pride,
Treads the sawdust down;
Or quickens the horse's stride,
And calls for his jesting clown.

"What, ho, Mr. Merriman!—Dick,
Here's a lady that wants your place."
I throw them a somerset, quick,
And grin in some beauty's face.
I tumble and jump and chaff,
And fill them with wild delights;
Whatever my sorrow, I laugh
Through the summer and winter nights.

I joke with the men, if I dare;
Do they strike, why I cringe and stoop;
And I ride like a bird in air,
And I jump through the blazing hoop.
Whatever they say or do,
I am ready with joke and gibe;
And whenever the jests are new,
I follow, like all my tribe.

But life is not all a jest,
Whatever the wise ones say;
For when I steal home to rest
(And I seek it at dawn of day),
If winter, there is no fire;
If summer, there is no air:
My welcome's a hungry choir
Of children, and scanty fare.

My wife is as lean a scold
As famine can make man's wife;
We are both of us sour and old
With drinking the dregs of life.
Yet why do I sigh? I wonder,
Would the Pit or the Boxes sigh,
Should I wash off my paint, and, under,
Show how a fool must die?

Author Unknown.

THE FOOLS' WALTZ

NEARER and clearer than monarch and minister,
Rabble and gabble, and hypocrites sinister,
Warriors and sages of far-away ages,
Are the Fools that flit through the historical pages.

They gazed somewhat dazed through their patches and powder,
They wondered and blundered and ever laughed louder;
While crown tumbled down, and while creed flew to pieces,
Their range was the change of their daily caprices.

While savage did ravage and bigotry tortured,
They rambled or gambled, or planted an orchard.
They clicked the light heel in the strathspey and reel,
Built castles, held wassails, chased moths, and played tennis;
Broke the lance for fair France, and went masked in gay Venice.

They spent as they went, and were reckless of rules,
Bade defiance to science, and scoffed at the schools,
Had their flings at their kings, and were pert to the proudest:
Must joke if they spoke, and themselves laughed the loudest;

Winking and wooing, whatever was doing,
Though storms of reforms and rebellions were brewing,
Talking and mocking the age that they grew in,
They quaffed the gay draught round the red fires of ruin.

Smiling and sneering, they flit out of hearing,
They bow themselves airily out of our pages;
No sound underground of their jesting and jeering,
The dear little Fools of the far-away ages!

Can marble rest heavy on all that gay bevy,
Who parted light-hearted, and knew no returning?
Are there ghosts full of laughter that haunt the hereafter,
Too mocking for bliss and too merry for burning?

Remember — forget them — it never will fret them,
Who gibed at misfortune whenever she met them;
At joust and at revel cast care to the devil,
And lived all their lives on whoever would let them.

Concede them the meed that is due the departed!
Slight thinker, deep drinker, lax friend and light lover;
A tear not too tender, for they were light-hearted;
A laugh not too loud, for their laughter is over;

A prayer light as air for the dead and gone Fools,
Too light and too slight to be tyrants or tools!
Who with jest and with zest took the world as they found it;—
Perhaps they did best just by dancing around it!

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

A SMILING DEMON OF NOTRE DAME

QUIET as are the quiet skies,
He watches where the city lies
Floating in vision clear or dim
Through sun or rain beneath his eyes;
Her songs, her laughter, and her cries
Hour after hour drift up to him.

Her days of glory or disgrace
He watches with unchanging face;
  He knows what midnight crimes are done;
  What horrors under summer sun;
And souls that pass in holy death
Sweep by him on the morning's breath.

Alike to holiness and sin
He feels nor alien nor akin;
  Five hundred creeping mortal years
  He smiles on human joy and tears,
Man-made, immortal, scorning man;
Serene, grotesque Olympian.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

AFTER WINGS

THIS was your butterfly, you see.
  His fine wings made him vain?—
The caterpillars crawl, but he
  Passed them in rich disdain?—
My pretty boy says: "Let him be
  Only a worm again"?

O child, when things have learned to wear
  Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
  Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
  To be a worm again!

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

CONTRASTS

STRANGE, that we creatures of the petty ways,
  Poor prisoners behind these fleshly bars,
Can sometimes think us thoughts with God ablaze,
  Touching the fringes of the outer stars.

And stranger still that, having flown so high,
  And stood unshamed in shining presences,
We can resume our smallness, nor imply
  In mien or gesture what that memory is.

RICHARD BURTON.

DREAM-PEDDLERY

If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing-bell;
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down.
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rung the bell,
What would you buy?—

A cottage lone and still,
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die.
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down.
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy.—

But there were dreams to sell,
Ill didst thou buy:
Life is a dream, they tell,
Waking to die.—
Dreaming a dream to prize
Is wishing ghosts to rise;
And if I had the spell
To call the buried well,
Which one would I?—

If there are ghosts to raise,
What shall I call
Out of hell's murky haze,
Heaven's blue pall?—
Raise my loved long-lost boy
To lead me to his joy.—
There are no ghosts to raise;
Out of death lead no ways:
Vain is the call.—

Know'st thou not ghosts to sue?
No love thou hast.—

Else lie, as I will do,
And breathe thy last.
So out of Life's fresh crown
Fall like a rose-leaf down.
Thus are the ghosts to woo;
Thus are all dreams made true,
Ever to last!

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

ALIEN

WHOM the great goddess once has kissed
Between the brows,
His heart shall find no dwelling-place
Wherein to house.

The ragged mists shall be his roof,
Where mountains loom,
And swirling winds about his face
With words of doom;

The valleys when he walks therein
Are kind and warm,
Yet ever drift across his soul
Strange gusts of storm.

If, weary, he shall stop beside
An opened door,
Dreaming, "This hearthstone is my goal,
To wend no more,"

A tumult as of snows adrift
Shall fill his ears,
His heart-strings feel the old-time lure
Adown the years,

And he shall turn from that warm light
With still regret
That dreams were made not to endure—
Nor to forget.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

CINDERELLA

HERE by the kitchen fire I sit
Until the generous loaves be brown:
The firelight flickers up and down;
I, waiting, ponder over it.

The cat comes purring to my knee,
And, springing in my lap, she lies,
The firelight darting in her eyes,
And old traditions come to me.

"The black cat," so the legends say,
"The witches ride by night," forsooth!
The fancy-witchery of youth
Has touched the room with mystery!

The clock ticks slow, the fire burns down.
I see strange faces in the grate—
A hooded monk, a Muse, a Fate,
An ancient knight with armor on!

I see a mask: I know it hides
The smile of one I know by day—
The face behind it drops away
And leaves a pair of burning eyes!

I wait—the firelight glimmers red—
Where is my fairy coach-and-four
To take me from the narrow door,
By eager longing fancy-led?

The cat is restless where she lies:
The soul of one who lived below
A thousand years and more ago
Looks through me from her narrow eyes!

The clock strikes slowly from the wall—
I count the heavy strokes to eight;
The fire burns lower in the grate;
A mouse is stirring in the wall!

I rouse me from my revery—
I strike a match—I kneel before
And open wide the oven door—
King Alfred fared as ill as I!

DORA READ GOODALE.

A WOMAN'S WISH

WOULD I were lying in a field of clover,
Of clover cool and soft, and soft and sweet,
With dusky clouds on deep skies hanging over,
And scented silence at my head and feet.

Just for one hour to slip the leash of Worry,
In eager haste, from Thought's impatient neck,
And watch it coursing, in its heedless hurry
Disdaining Wisdom's call or Duty's beck!

Ah! it were sweet, where clover clumps are meeting
And daisies hiding, so to hide and rest;
No sound except my own heart's steady beating,
Rocking itself to sleep within my breast;—

Just to lie there, filled with the deeper breathing
That comes of listening to a wild bird's song!
Our souls require at times this full unsheathing,—
All swords will rust if scabbard-kept too long:

And I am tired,—so tired of rigid duty,
So tired of all my tired hands find to do!
I yearn, I faint, for some of life's free beauty,
Its loose beads with no straight string running through.

Aye, laugh, if laugh you will, at my crude speech;
But women sometimes die of such a greed,—
Die for the small joys held beyond their reach,
And the assurance they have all they need!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

OUT OF DOORS

IN THE urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell all sweet serenities.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

WHY THUS LONGING?

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained, and dim,
While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Wouldst thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still:
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw —
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world through weal and woe;

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten —
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Dost thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all nature hails the lord of light,
And his smile, the mountain tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright?

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine;
But with fervent love if thou adorest,
Thou art wealthier — all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not those fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty and thy wealth are gone.

Nature wears the color of the spirit;
Sweetly to her worshiper she sings;
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

HARRIET WINSLOW SEWALL.

LONGING

O TROUBLED sea, that longest evermore
From out thy cold and sunless depths to rise
To the bright orb that draws thee toward the skies,
And beat'st thy breast against the unyielding shore,
In the vain struggle to unloose the bands
That bind thee down to earth; in thy despair,
With sullen roar now leaping high in air,
Now moaning, sobbing on the insatiate sands,—
Type of the soul art thou: she strives like thee,
By time and circumstance and law bound down;
She beats against the shores of the unknown,
Wrestles with unseen force, doubt, mystery,
And longs forever for the goal afar,
That shines and still retreats, like a receding star.

ANNE C. L. BOTTA.

AN ANTIQUE INTAGLIO

SO INFINITELY small we scarce may trace
The magic touches of the graver's hand;
And yet so great that Time himself doth stand
With envious gaze, all powerless to efface.
Here lie the power and skill and wondrous grace
That might the stateliest palaces have planned;
And one soul's lifelong toil perchance is spanned
Within this little circle's narrow space.
Was he content, the artist? Did he burn
With ardent pride and sweet creative bliss
O'er thy perfected loveliness, nor yearn
For wider spheres and mightier work than this?
Or from thy beauty would he sadly turn,
And sigh, and gaze on the Acropolis?

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

CARCASSONNE

I'M GROWING old; I'm sixty years:
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And, to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind:
Yet could I there two days have spent,
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
In this my prayer if I offend:

One something sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan:
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

* * *

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (Heaven forgive him) half-way on
The old man died upon the road:
He never gazed on Carcassonne.—
Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

Translation of John R. Thompson.

A RADICAL

He never feared to pry the stable stone
That loving lichens clad with silvery gray;
Torn ivies trembled as they slipped away,
Their empty arms now loose and listless blown.
Then turning, with that ardor all his own,
"Behold my better building!" he would say.
"I rear as well as raze: nor by decay
Nor foe nor fire can this be overthrown!"

What was it? Had he keener sight than we?
We saw the ruin, more we could not see;
His blocks were jasper air, a dream his plan.
We called him Stormer: ever he replied,
"Unbroken calm within my breast I hide."
Now God be judge betwixt us and this man!

HELEN GRAY CONE.

FROM 'DUNSTAN; OR THE POLITICIAN'

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

Now poor Tom Dunstan's cold,
Our shop is duller:
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost its old
Red-republican color.
Though he was sickly and thin,
'Twas a sight to see his face,
While, sick of the country's sin,
With a bang of the fist, and chin
Thrust out, he argued the case!
He prophesied men should be free,
And the money-bags be bled!
"She's coming, she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

All day we sat in the heat,
Like spiders spinning,
Stitching full fine and fleet,
While old Moses on his seat
Sat greasily grinning;
And here Tom said his say,
And prophesied Tyranny's death;
And the tallow burned all day,
And we stitched and stitched away
In the thick smoke of our breath.
Weary, weary were we,
Our hearts as heavy as lead;
But "Patience! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

And at night, when we took here
The rest allowed to us,
The paper came, and the beer,
And Tom read, sharp and clear,
The news out loud to us:
And then, in his witty way,
He threw the jests about;—
The cutting things he'd say
Of the wealthy and the gay!
How he turned 'em inside out!

And it made our breath more free
To hearken to what he said—
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But grim Jack Hart, with a sneer,
Would mutter, "Master!
If Freedom means to appear,
I think she might step *here*
A little faster!"
Then, 'twas fine to see Tom flame,
And argue, and prove, and preach,
Till Jack was silent for shame,
Or a fit of coughing came
O' sudden, to spoil Tom's speech.
Ah! Tom had the eyes to see
When Tyranny should be sped—
"She's coming! she's coming!" said he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

But Tom was little and weak,—
The hard hours shook him;
Hollower grew his cheek;
And when he began to speak
The coughing took him:
Ere long the cheery sound
Of his chat among us ceased,
And we made a purse, all round,
That he might not starve, at least.
His pain was sorry to see,
Yet there, on his poor sick-bed,
"She's coming, in spite of me!
Courage, and wait!" cried he:
"*Freedom's* ahead!"

A little before he died,
To see his passion!
"Bring me a paper," he cried,
And then to study it tried,
In his old sharp fashion;
And with eyeballs glittering,
His look on me he bent,

And said that savage thing
Of the lords o' the Parliament.
Then, dying, smiling on me,
"What matter if *one* be dead?
She's coming at last!" said he:
"Courage, boy! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

Ay, now Tom Dunstan's cold,
The shop feels duller:
Scarce a tale is told,
And our talk has lost the old
Red-republican color.
But we see a figure gray,
And we hear a voice of death,
And the tallow burns all day,
And we stitch and stitch away
In the thick smoke of our breath;
Ay, while in the dark sit we,
Tom seems to call from the dead—
"She's coming! she's coming!" says he:
"Courage, boys! wait and see!
Freedom's ahead!"

How long, O Lord! how long
Must thy handmaid linger—
She who shall right the wrong,
Make the poor sufferer strong?
Sweet morrow, bring her!
Hasten her over the sea,
O Lord! ere hope be fled!
Bring her to men and to me!—
O slave, pray still on thy knee,
FREEDOM'S ahead!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

DUTY

I SLEPT and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke, and found that life was Duty.
Was thy dream then a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

ELLEN STURGIS HOOPER.

A DISCOVERY

THE languid world went by me as I found
A jewel on the ground,
Under a silent weed,
A nameless glory set for none to heed.
"Stoop, see, and wonder!" was my joyful cry,
But still the languid world went only by.

I drew it forth, and set it on a hill:
They passed it still.
Some turned to look,
And said it was a pebble from the brook;
A dewdrop, only made to melt away;
A worthless mirror, with a bordered ray.

Then on my knees I shouted forth its praise
For nights and days.
"See with your eyes
A diamond shining only for the wise!
How is it that you love not at first sight
This unfamiliar treasure of pure light?"

I set it on my breast. Then, with a sneer,
The world drew near.
They knew the sign
And secret of my praise: the thing was mine.
They left it to me with a bland disdain,
And hugged their tinsel to their hearts again.

I showed it to the dearest soul I had:—
"*You* are not mad;
Let them go by:
We *know* it is a diamond, you and I."
Coldly he answered, "If you love it so,
You need not me to praise it. Let me go."

"It is my sin," I cried with bitter tears,
"That no man hears.
I'll fling it down:
Some nobler hand shall set it in a crown.
I shall behold it honored ere I die;
But no one could have loved it more than I!"

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

COMBATANTS

He seemed to call me, and I shrank dismayed,
Deeming he threatened all I held most dear;
But when at last his summons I obeyed,
Perplexed and full of fear,
I found upon his face no angry frown—
Only a visor down.

Indignant that his voice, so calm and sweet,
In my despite unto my soul appealed,
I cried, "If thou hast courage, turn and meet
A foeman full revealed!"
And with determined zeal that made me strong,
Contended with him long.

But oh, the armor he so meekly bore
Was wrought for him in other worlds than ours!
In firm defense of what he battled for
Were leagued eternal powers!
I fell; yet overwhelmed by my disgrace,
At last I saw his face!

And in its matchless beauty I forgot
The constant service to my pledges due;
And with adoring love that sorrowed not,
Entreated, "Tell me who
Hath so o'erthrown my will and pride of youth?"
He answered, "I am Truth."

Florence Earle Coates.

TO-DAY

Voice, with what emulous fire thou singest free hearts of old fashion,
English scorners of Spain sweeping the blue sea-way:
Sing me the daring of life for life, the magnanimous passion
Of man for man in the mean populous streets of To-day!

Hand, with what color and power thou couldst show in the ring hot-sanded,
Brown Bestiarius holding the lean, tawn tiger at bay:
Paint me the wrestle of Toil with the wild-beast Want, bare-handed!
Shadow me forth a soul steadily facing To-day!

Helen Gray Cone.

UNKNOWN IDEAL

WHOSE is the voice that will not let me rest?
I hear it speak.
Where is the shore will gratify my quest,
Show what I seek?
Not yours, weak Muse, to mimic that far voice,
With halting tongue;
No peace, sweet land, to bid my heart rejoice
Your groves among.

Whose is the loveliness I know is by,
Yet cannot place?
Is it perfection of the sea or sky,
Or human face?
Not yours, my pencil, to delineate
The splendid smile!
Blind in the sun, we struggle on with fate
That glows the while.

Whose are the feet that pass me, echoing
On unknown ways?
Whose are the lips that only part to sing
Through all my days?
Not yours, fond youth, to fill mine eager eyes
That still adore
Beauty that tarries not, nor satisfies
For evermore.

DORA SIGERSON.

THE SILENCE

From 'Les Villages Illusoires'

EVER since ending of the summer weather,
When last the thunder and the lightning broke,
Shattering themselves upon it at one stroke,
The Silence has not stirred there in the heather.

All round about stand steeples straight as stakes,
And each its bell between its fingers shakes;
All round about with their three-storied loads,
The teams prowl down the roads;
All round about where'er the pine woods end,
The wheel creaks on along its rutty bed,

But not a sound is strong enough to rend
That space intense and dead.

Since summer, thunder laden, last was heard,
The Silence has not stirred;
And the broad heath-land where the nights sink down,
Beyond the sand-hills brown,
Beyond the endless thickets closely set,
To the far borders of the far-away,
Prolongs It yet.

Even the winds disturb not as they go
The boughs of those long larches, bending low
Where the marsh-water lies,
In which Its vacant eyes
Gaze at themselves unceasing, stubbornly;
Only sometimes, as on their way they move,
The noiseless shadows of the clouds above,
Or of some great bird's hovering flight on high,
Brush It in passing by.
Since the last bolt that scored the earth aslant,
Nothing has pierced the Silence dominant.
Of those who cross Its vast immensity,
Whether at twilight or at dawn it be,
There is not one but feels
The dread of the Unknown that It instills;
An ample force supreme, It holds Its sway,
Uninterruptedly the same for aye.
Dark walls of blackest fir-trees bar from sight
The outlook towards the paths of hope and light;
Great pensive junipers
Affright from far the passing travelers;
Long narrow paths stretch their straight lines unbent,
Till they fork off in curves malevolent;
And the sun, ever shifting, ceaseless lends
Fresh aspects to the mirage whither tends
Bewilderment.

Since the last bolt was forged amid the storm,
The polar Silence at the corners four
Of the wide heather-land has stirred no more.
Old shepherds, whom their hundred years have worn
To things all dislocate and out of gear,
And their old dogs, ragged, tired-out, and torn,
Oft watch It, on the soundless lowlands near,

Or downs of gold beflecked with shadows' flight,
Sit down immensely there beside the night.

Then, at the curves and corners of the mere,
The waters creep with fear;
The heather veils itself, grows wan and white;
All the leaves listen upon all the bushes,
And the incendiary sunset hushes
Before Its face his cries of brandished light.
And in the hamlets that about It lie,
Beneath the thatches of their hovels small,
The terror dwells of feeling It is nigh;
And though It stirs not, dominating all,
Broken with dull despair and helplessness,
Beneath Its presence they crouch motionless,
As though upon the watch — and dread to see,
Through rifts of vapor, open suddenly
At evening, in the noon, the argent eyes
Of Its mute mysteries.

EMÉLE VERHÄEREN.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

THE HELMSMAN

WHAT shall I ask for the voyage I must sail to the end alone?
Summer and calms and rest from never a labor done?
Nay, blow, ye life-winds all; curb not for me your blast:
Strain ye my quivering ropes, bend ye my trembling mast,
Then there can be no drifting, thank God! for boat or me,—
Strenuous, swift, our course over a living sea.
Mine is a man's right arm to steer through fog and foam;
Beacons are shining still to guide each farer home.
Give me your worst, O winds! others have met the stress:
E'en if it be to sink, give me no less, no less.

M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.

SEALED ORDERS

From 'Poems' by Julia C. R. Dorr. Copyright. 1874, 1885, 1892, by Charles Scribner's Sons

"OH, WHITHER bound, my captain?
The wind is blowing free,
And overhead the white sails spread
As we go out to sea."

He looked to north, he looked to south,
Or ever a word he spake;—
"With orders sealed my sails I set—
Due east my course I take."—

"But to what port?"—"Nay, nay," he cried,
"This only do I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever wind may blow."

For many a day we sailed east;—
"O captain, tell me true,
When will our good ship come to port?"—
"I cannot answer you!"—

"Then, prithee, gallant captain,
Let us but drift awhile!
The current setteth southward
Past many a sunny isle,

"Where cocoas grow, and mangoes,
And groves of feathery palm,
And nightingales sing all night long
To roses breathing balm."—

"Nay, tempt me not," he answered:
"This only do I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever winds may blow!"

Then sailed we on, and sailed we east
Into the whirlwind's track;
Wild was the tempest overhead,
The sea was strewn with wrack.

"Oh, turn thee, turn thee, captain—
Thou'rt rushing on to death!"
But back he answer shouted,
With unabated breath:—

"Turn back who will, I turn not!
For this one thing I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
However winds may blow!"—

"Oh, art thou fool or madman?
Thy port is but a dream,
And never on the horizon's rim
Will its fair turrets gleam."

Then smiled the captain wisely,
And slowly answered he,
The while his keen glance widened
Over the lonely sea:—

"I carry sealèd orders.
This only thing I know,—
That I must sail due eastward
Whatever winds may blow!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE STAR TO ITS LIGHT

"GO," SAID the star to its light:
"Follow your fathomless flight!
Into the dreams of space
Carry the joy of my face.
Go," said the star to its light:
"Tell me the tale of your flight."

As the mandate rang
The heavens through,
Quick the ray sprang,
Unheard it flew,
Sped by the touch of an unseen spur.
It crumbled the dusk of the deep
That folds the worlds in sleep,
And shot through night with noiseless stir.

Then came the day;
And all that swift array
Of diamond-sparkles died.
And lo! the far star cried,
"My light has lost its way!"
Ages on ages passed:
The light returned at last.

"What have you seen,
What have you heard—
O ray serene,
O flame-winged bird,
I loosed on endless air?
Why do you look so faint and white?"
Said the star to its light.

"O star," said the tremulous ray,
"Grief and struggle I found;
Horror impeded my way.
Many a star and sun
I passed and touched on my round.
Many a life undone
I lit with a tender gleam;
I shone in the lover's eyes,
And soothed the maiden's dream.
But alas for the stifling mist of lies!
Alas, for the wrath of the battle-field
Where my glance was mixed with blood!
And woe for the hearts by hate congealed,
And the crime that rolls like a flood!
Too vast is the world for me,—
Too vast for the sparkling dew
Of a force like yours to renew.
Hopeless the world's immensity!
The suns go on without end;
The universe holds no friend:
And so I come back to you."

"Go," said the star to its light:
"You have not told me aright.
This you have taught: I am one
In a million of million others—
Stars, or planets, or men;
And all of these are my brothers.
Carry that message, and then
My guerdon of praise you have won!
Say that I serve in my place;
Say I will hide my own face
Ere the sorrows of others I shun.
So, then, my trust you'll requite.
Go!"—said the star to its light.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

THE GUIDE-POST

D'YE know the road to th' barrel o' flour?
At break o' day let down the bars,
And plow y'r wheat-field, hour by hour,
Till sundown,—yes, till shine o' stars.

You peg away the livelong day,
Nor loaf about, nor gape around;
And that's the road to the thrashin'-floor,
And into the kitchen, I'll be bound!

D'ye know the road where dollars lay?
Follow the red cents, here and there;
For if a man leaves them, I guess
He won't find dollars anywhere.

D'ye know the road to Sunday's rest?
Jist don't o' week-days be afeard;
In field and workshop do y'r best,
And Sunday comes itself, I've heerd.

On Saturdays it's not fur off,
And brings a basketful o' cheer,—
A roast, and lots o' garden-stuff,
And, like as not, a jug o' beer!

D'ye know the road to poverty?
Turn in at every tavern-sign;
Turn in,—'tis temptin' as can be:
There's bran'-new cards and liquor fine.

In the last tavern there's a sack;
And when the cash y'r pocket quits,
Jist hang the wallet on y'r back—
You vagabond! see how it fits!

D'ye know what road to honor leads,
And good old age? a lovely sight!
By ways o' temperance, honest deeds,
And tryin' to do y'r dooty right.

And when the road forks, ary side,
And you're in doubt which one it is,
Stand still, and let y'r conscience guide:
Thank God, it can't lead much amiss!

And now, the road to church-yard gate
You needn't ask! Go anywhere!
For, whether roundabout or straight,
All roads, at last, 'll bring you there.

Go, fearin' God, but lovin' more!
I've tried to be an honest guide;—
You'll find the grave has got a door,
And somethin' for you t'other side.

JOHANN PETER HEBEL

Translation of Bayard Taylor.

IF WE HAD THE TIME

IF I HAD the time to find a place
And sit me down full face to face
With my better self, that cannot show
In my daily life that rushes so,—
It might be then I should see my soul
Was stumbling still toward the shining goal.
I might be nerved by the thought sublime,—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to let my heart
Speak out and take in my life a part,
To look about and to stretch a hand
To a comrade quartered in no-luck land,
Ah, God! if I might but just sit still
And hear the note of the whippoorwill,
I think that my wish with God's would rhyme—
If I had the time!

If I had the time to learn from you
How much for comfort my word could do;
And I told you then of my sudden will
To kiss your feet when I did you ill;
If the tears aback of the coldness feigned
Could flow, and the wrong be quite explained,—
Brothers, the souls of us all would chime,
If we had the time!

RICHARD BURTON.

THE ROSEMARY

MY SWEET maid Rosemary—
(Her gown it is so plain
E'en Vanity,
Dressed thus, could not be vain!)—
Doth preach to me,
When this my life doth seem
All small and mean,
And full of briers to be;

For in the rain or sun,
Cloaked all in modest gray,
This garden nun
Doth stand as though to pray!

Content, she never heeds
If flaunting Poppy scorns,
Nor marks that weeds
Do tear her gown with thorns;
She tells her beads,
And lives her life with joy,
Her one employ
To fill some small, sweet needs!

MARGARET DELAND.

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US

THE time for toil has passed, and night has come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

MOODS OF THE SOUL

I—IN TIME OF VICTORY

AS SOLDIERS after fight confess
The fear their valor would not own
When, ere the battle's thunder-stress,
The silence made its mightier moan:

Though now the victory be mine,
'Tis of the conflict I must speak,
Still wondering how the Hand Divine
Confounds the mighty with the weak.

To-morrow I may flaunt the foe—
Not now; for in the echoing beat
Of fleeing heart-throbs well I know
The bitterness of near defeat.

O friends! who see but steadfast deeds,
Have grace of pity with your praise.
Crown if you must, but crown with weeds,—
The conquered more deserve your bays.

No, praise the dead!—the ancestral roll
That down their line new courage send,

For moments when against the soul
All hell and half of heaven contend.

II — In Time of Defeat

Yes, here is undisguised defeat;
You say, "No further fight to lose":
With colors in the dust, 'tis meet
That tears should flow and looks accuse.

I echo every word of ruth
Or blame; yet have I lost the right
To praise with you the unfaltering truth,
Whose power — save in me — has might?

Another day, another man;
I am not *now* what I have been:
Each grain that through the hour-glass ran
Rescued the sinner from his sin.

The future is my constant friend;
Above all children born to her
Alike her rich affections bend —
She, the unchiding comforter.

Perhaps on her unsullied scroll,
(Who knows?) there may be writ at last
A fairer record of the soul
For this dark blot upon the past.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

ROYALTY

I am a princess royal, — child of a royal line;
All the broad moorlands I look on — lea, strand, and meadow — are mine!

Oh, I may wander at will over shores by the breakers kissed;
I may look seaward, skyward, though sunbeams fall as they list.

Mine is a race anointed, — mighty the name I bear;
Mine is the glory of giving, mine is the purple to wear.

Ay, mine to send, if I will it, ships to the end of the sea!
Mine to await their home-coming, the eyes of the people on me.

Sometimes the wind from the northlands, scourging the surf too bold,
Blows the hair back from my forehead: purple seems all too cold.

Sometimes my brows are wearied,—crown-gold seems woven with rue;
Chanceth it then I remember purple is dark of hue.

O ye, my people, ye wist not that shadows, forgetting the throne,
E'en as they fall upon your lives, darken the path of my own.

Nay, but to shrink from the thorn-sting,—turn, if a shadow be seen,—
Maketh a princess less royal, maketh a queen not a queen.

Royalty? Nay, O my sisters! What doth it mean but to smile,—
Ay, and walk on, face unshadowed,—out of the sunlight the while!

Crown? Yea, there is one of fire: best it beseemeth a head
Bowed not to dark nor to tempest whither the way hath led.

Thorns spring low in the wayside,—and should a queen look down?
Yet—O thou King, my Father, help me to wear my crown!

JOSEPHINE PEABODY.

THE RICHEST PRINCE

ALL their wealth and vast possessions
Vaunting high in choicest terms,
Sat the German princes feasting
In the knightly hall of Worms.

"Mighty," cried the Saxon ruler,
"Are the wealth and power I wield:
In my country's mountain gorges
Sparkling silver lies concealed."

"See my land with plenty glowing,"
Quoth the Palgrave of the Rhine:
"Bounteous harvests in the valleys,
On the mountains noble wine."

"Spacious towns and wealthy convents,"
Louis spake, Bavaria's lord,
"Make my land to yield me treasures
Great as those your fields afford."

Würtemberg's beloved monarch,
Eberard the Bearded, cried:—
"See, my land hath little cities;
Among my hills no metals bide:

"Yet one treasure it hath borne me!
Sleeping in the woodland free,
I may lay my head in safety
On my lowliest vassal's knee."

Then, as with a single utterance,
Cried aloud those princes three:—
"Bearded count, thy land hath jewels!
Thou art wealthier far than we!"

JUSTINUS KERNER.

Translation of H. W. Dulcken.

LOUIS XV.

THE King with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused;
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale-green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that know no king
But him who bears a woodland axe:
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he;

For truth to say, he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed,
Before him now most plainly came:
The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

«Why, who art thou?» exclaimed the King,
«And what is that I see thee bear?»—
«I am a laborer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil.»

The laborer ne'er had seen the King,
And this he thought was but a man;
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:—
«I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

«Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?»—
«Oh! nothing more than usual, sir:
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied;
He could not pay gabel and tax,
And feed his children, so he died.»

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
«It is, you know, a common thing:
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and King.»
The King looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour
How came it that the peasants died.

JOHN STERLING.

THE PEOPLE'S PETITION

O LORDS! O rulers of the nation!
O softly clothed! O richly fed!
O men of wealth and noble station!
Give us our daily bread.

For you we are content to toil,
For you our blood like rain is shed;
Then, lords and rulers of the soil,
Give us our daily bread.

Your silken robes, with endless care,
Still weave we; still unclothed, unfed,
We make the raiment that ye wear:
Give us our daily bread.

In the red forge-light do we stand;
We early leave, late seek, our bed,
Tempering the steel for your right hand:
Give us our daily bread.

Throughout old England's pleasant fields,
There is no spot where we may tread;
No house to us sweet shelter yields:
Give us our daily bread.

Fathers are we; we see our sons,
We see our fair young daughters, dead:
Then hear us, O ye mighty ones!
Give us our daily bread.

'Tis vain,—with cold, unfeeling eye
Ye gaze on us, unclothed, unfed;
'Tis vain,—ye will not hear our cry,
Nor give us daily bread.

We turn from you, our lords by birth,
To him who is our Lord above;
We all are made of the same earth,
Are children of one love.

Then, Father of this world of wonders!
Judge of the living and the dead!
Lord of the lightnings and the thunders!
Give us our daily bread.

WATHEN MARK WILKS CALL.

THE SONG OF THE LOWER CLASSES

We plow and sow — we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know — we're so very low,
'Tis down at the landlord's feet:
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go — we're so very, very low —
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines.
And whenever he lacks, upon our backs
Fresh loads he deigns to lay:
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low — we're low — mere rabble, we know;
But at our plastic power,
The mold at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower;
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall,
And cringe at the rich man's door:
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, — we're very, very low, —
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get, and what we give,
We know, and we know our share:
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear!

We're low — we're low — we're very, very low;
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low — we're low — our place we know,
We're only the rank and file:
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

Ernest Charles Jones.

THE BALLAD OF THE COMMON FOLK

From 'Gringoire'

KINGS, in your turn that will be judged some day,
Think upon those that lack of all delight;
Have pity on the folk that love and pray,
That know no joy, that weary day and night,
That delve the soil, that die for you in fight.
Their life is like the damnèd souls' in fire,
That never know the taste of their desire.
The luckiest barefoot and anhungered go;
The scorching sun, the rain, the frost, the mire—
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

Like beasts that wear their lives in toil away,
Within his hovel is the wretched wight.
Will he for once make merry and be gay,
For harvest reaped or for a bridal night,
Thinking at least to mark one day with white,
Down swoops his lord upon the luckless sire,
With outstretched hand, and greed that yet more dire
From satisfaction of its lust doth grow,
And like a vulture empties barn and byre.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

Have pity on the wretched fool whose play
Unknits your brow; the fisher that for fright
Starts, when the levin leaps athwart his way;
The dreamy blue-eyed maiden, humbly dight,
That spins before her door in the sunlight;
Have pity on the mother's void desire,
Clasping her starving infant nigh and nigher,
(Ah God! that little children should die so!)
To warm its frozen limbs for lack of fire.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

ENVOI

For all poor folk I crave your pity, sire:
The peasant lying in the frozen mire,
The nun that telling o'er her beads doth go,
And for all those that lack their heart's desire.
For poor folk all is misery and woe.

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

Translation of John Payne.

SONG OF THE FORGE

CLANG, clang! the massive anvils ring—
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky
The mighty blows still multiply:
Clang, clang!
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,
What are your strong arms forging now?—

Clang, clang! we forge the colter now—
The colter of the kindly plow:
Sweet Mary, mother, bless our toil;
May its broad furrow still unbind
To genial rains, to sun and wind,
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang—our colter's course shall be
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,
By many a streamlet's silver tide,
Amidst the song of the morning birds,
Amidst the low of the sauntering herds,
Amidst soft breezes which do stray
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand
With wide-spread glory clothes the land;
When to the valleys, from the brow
Of each resplendent slope is rolled
A ruddy sky of living gold,
We bless—we bless the plow.—

Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?—
Clink, clank—we forge the giant chain
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,
'Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;
Secured by this, the good ship braves
The rocky roadstead, and the waves
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees
The mist drive back before the breeze,
The storm-cloud on the hill;

Calmly he rests, though far away
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,
Reliant on our skill.—

Say on what sand these links shall sleep,
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep:
By Afric's pestilential shore,
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar,
By many a palmy western isle
Basking in spring's perpetual smile,
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,
When to the battery's deadly peal
The crushing broadside makes reply?
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while
For death or victory?

Hurrah! Cling, clang! once more, what glows,
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath
The iron tempest of your blows,
The furnace's red breath?—

Clang, clang—a burning torrent, clear
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured
Around and up in the dusky air,
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword!—a name of dread; yet when
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,
While for his altar and his hearth,
While for the land that gave him birth,
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound—
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right
It flashes in the van of fight,—
Whether in some wild mountain pass,
As that where fell Leonidas;
Or on some sterile plain and stern,
A Marston or a Bannockburn;
Or, mid fierce crags and bursting rills,
The Switzer's Alps and Tyrol's hills;
Or as, when sank the Armada's pride,
It gleams above the stormy tide,—

Still, still, whene'er the battle word
Is liberty,—when men do stand
For justice and their native land,—
Then Heaven bless the sword.

Author Unknown.

THE COWBOY

"WHAT care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know!
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild, free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—
A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cow-boy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth, as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Often alone, his saddle a throne,
He scans like a sheik the numberless herd;
Where the buffalo-grass and the sage-bush dry
In the hot white glare of a cloudless sky,
And the music of streams is never heard.
With his gay sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men,
Go back to his childhood's days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests awhile,
With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha! who cares, who cares!

Sometimes his mood from solitude
Hurries him heedless off to the town!
Where mirth and wine through the goblet shine,
And treacherous sirens twist and twine
The lasso that often brings him down.
With his soaked sombrero,
His rent chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He staggers back
On the homeward track,
And shouts to the plains — who cares, who cares!

'Tis over late at the ranchman's gate —
He and his fellows, perhaps a score,
Halt in a quarrel o'er night begun,
With a ready blow and a random gun —
There's a dead, dead comrade! nothing more.
With his slouched sombrero,
His dark chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,

He dashes past
With face o'ercast,
And growls in his throat — who cares, who cares!

Away on the range there is little change;
He blinks in the sun, he herds the steers:
But a trail on the wind keeps close behind,
And whispers that stagger and blanch the mind,
Through the hum of the solemn noon he hears.
With his dark sombrero,
His stained chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
He sidles down
Where the grasses brown
May hide his face while he sobs — who cares!

But what care I, and what cares he?
This is the strain, common at least:
He is free and vain of his bridle-rein,
Of his spurs, of his gun, of the dull gray plain;
He is ever vain of his broncho beast!
With his gray sombrero,
His brown chapparejos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha! — who cares, who cares!

JOHN ANTROBUS.

THE SONG OF THE SONS OF ESAU

YE SMOOTH-FACED sons of Jacob, hug close your ingleside;
Guard well the market in its wealth, the palace in its pride!
Oh, blithe it is to wander, and the world is wide!

Hard straining at their cables, the captive vessels ride:
Haul up the prisoning anchor, swing out upon the tide!
Oh, grandly fills the canvas, and the sea is wide!

Mysterious spreads the forest, where strange shy creatures bide:
Within its dim remoteness, who knows what wonders hide?
Oh, softly step the wild things, and the jungle's wide!

Across the stretching desert the tireless camels stride,
The scorching sun above them, the scorching sands beside.
Oh, steady swing the camels, and the plain is wide!

Through leagues on leagues of ice-fields, the time-old glaciers slide
Across the drifted valley, from drifted mountain-side.
Oh, keenly stings the Northwind, and the snow is wide!

We cannot help but wander, whatever fate betide;
We seek the vast far places, nor trail nor chart to guide.
The restlessness is on us, and the world is wide!

Oh, canny sons of Jacob, to fret and toiling tied,
We grudge you not the birthright for which your father lied!
We own the right of roaming, and the world is wide!

For you the pomp and power, prosperity and pride:
For us the happy wilderness, and not a care to chide.
To give us room to wander was the world made wide!

BERTHA BROOKS RUNKLE.

STROLLERS

WE HAVE no castles,
We have no vassals,
We have no riches, no gems and no gold;
Nothing to ponder,
Nothing to squander:
Let us go wander
As minstrels of old.

You with your lute, love,
I with my flute, love,
Let us make music by mountain and sea;
You with your glances,
I with my dances,
Singing romances
Of old chivalry.

"Derry down derry!
Good folk, be merry!
Hither, and hearken where happiness is!—
Never go borrow
Care of to-morrow,
Never go sorrow
While life hath a kiss."

Let the day gladden
Or the night sadden,
We will be merry in sunshine or snow;
You with your rhyme, love,
I with my chime, love,
We will make time, love,
Dance as we go.

Nothing is ours,
Only the flowers,
Meadows, and stars, and the heavens above;
Nothing to lie for,
Nothing to sigh for,
Nothing to die for
While still we have love.

"Derry down derry!
Good folk be merry!
Hither, and hearken a word that is sooth:—
Care ye not any
If ye have many
Or not a penny,
If still ye have youth!"

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

A LOAFER

I HANG about the streets all day,
At night I hang about;
I sleep a little when I may,
But rise betimes the morning's scout;
For through the year I always hear
Afar, aloft, a ghostly shout.

My clothes are worn to threads and loops;
My skin shows here and there;
About my face like seaweed droops
My tangled beard, my tangled hair;
From cavernous and shaggy brows
My stony eyes untroubled stare.

I move from Eastern wretchedness
Through Fleet Street and the Strand;

And as the pleasant people press,
I touch them softly with my hand,
Perhaps to know that still I go
Alive about a living land.

For, far in front the clouds are riven:
I hear the ghostly cry,
As if a still voice fell from heaven
To where sea-whelmed the drowned folk lie
In sepulchres no tempest stirs,
And only eyeless things pass by.

In Piccadilly spirits pass:
Oh, eyes and cheeks that glow!
Oh, strength and comeliness! Alas,
The lustrous health is earth, I know
From shrinking eyes that recognize
No brother in my rags and woe.

I know no handicraft, no art,
But I have conquered fate;
For I have chosen the better part,
And neither hope, nor fear, nor hate.
With placid breath, on pain and death—
My certain alms—alone I wait.

And daily, nightly comes the call,
The pale unechoing note,
The faint "Aha!" sent from the wall
Of heaven, but from no ruddy throat
Of human breed or seraph's seed,—
A phantom voice that cries by rote.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

THRESHED OUT

I HEARD the sudden Binder roar;
I heard the Reaper shout:
God flung me on his threshing-floor—
His oxen trod me out!—

And here I lie, all bruised and brown,
Beneath the trampling feet—
The Ragweed and the Thistledown,
The Cockle and the Wheat!

ROBERT K. KERNIGHAN.

THE VAGABONDS

We are two travelers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog;—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen);
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir, I never drink:
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!—

That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little. Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!
Some brandy—thank you—there, it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story: you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir: they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,

Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little she dreamed, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now: that glass was warming.
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE

THERE'S a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot:
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:—
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone,—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man:
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach!
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last;
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

You bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a "gemman" to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

THOMAS NOEL.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen:
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die:
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; not let,
Hidden and lost, thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, thou our God and Lord!

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE MAKING OF MEN

As the insect from the rock
Takes the color of its wing;
As the bowlder from the shock
Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
Makes itself a perfect form,
Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enameled warm
With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
Whatsoe'er its lot may be,—
Building, as the heavens roll,
Something large and strong and free,—
Things that hurt and things that mar
Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
Friendlier than the smiling days.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

THE LARGER PRAYER

At first I prayed for Light:
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength,
That I might tread the road
With firm, unfaltering feet, and win
The heavens' serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan;

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Ednah Dean Cheney.

GIFTS

"O World-God, give me wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street;
His priests were gods; his spice-balmed kings enshrined
Set death at naught in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharaoh's race to-day, and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.

"O World-God, give me beauty!" cried the Greek.
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream, quick with Promethean flame;

Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might
Of the immortal marble, his the play
Of diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
Go seek the sunshine race, ye find to-day
A broken column and a lute unstrung.

"O World-God, give me power!" the Roman cried.
His prayer was granted. The vast world was chained
A captive to the chariot of his pride;
The blood of myriad provinces was drained
To feed that fierce, insatiable red heart.
Invulnerably bulwarked every part
With serried legions and with close-meshed code,
Within, the burrowing worm had gnawed its home;
A roofless ruin stands where once abode
The imperial race of everlasting Rome.

"O Godhead, give me truth!" the Hebrew cried.
His prayer was granted: he became the slave
Of the Idea, a pilgrim far and wide,
Cursed, hated, spurned, and scourged with none to save.
The Pharaohs knew him; and when Greece beheld,
His wisdom wore the hoary crown of eld.
Beauty he hath forsworn, and wealth and power.
Seek him to-day, and find in every land;
No fire consumes him, neither floods devour:
Immortal through the lamp within his hand.

EMMA LAZARUS.

A POET'S HOPE

LADY, there is a hope that all men have,—
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place
To rest in, and a flower-strewn, gentle grave;
Another hope which purifies our race,—
That when that fearful bourn's forever past,
They may find rest—and rest *so* long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest forever:
My path is onward to the farthest shores.
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,



THE SPELL.

Photogravure from a painting by Pötzelberger.



Motionless not until the end is won,
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,
'Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweeping far,
And pore upon the realms unvisited
That tessellate the unseen unthought star;
To be the thing that now I feebly dream
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam!

Ah, caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,
Where flows that life by which I faintly see:
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,
Golden-eyed dæmons of my ancestry!
Your son though blinded hath a light within,
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms,
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow;
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,—
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay:
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,—
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

THE LAST POET

"WHEN will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?

"Is it not long since empty,
The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
And all the fountains dry?"

As long as the sun's chariot
Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
Gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish
The thunderbolt and gale,
And frightened at their fury,
One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
Of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
Or bosom sighs a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle
To cool a weary brow;

As long as cypress shadows
The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
Or one poor heart can break;—

So long on earth shall wander
The goddess Poesy,
And with her, one exulting
Her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing,
The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last minstrel;—
He is the last man too.

The Lord holds the creation
Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
Begins to show decay,

And earths and suns are flying
Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask,—if of the question
Not weary yet,—"How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old, eternal song?"

ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

Translation of N. L. Frothingham.

WE ARE THE MUSIC-MAKERS

WE ARE the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the Old of the New World's worth:
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

ACCORDANCE

He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ-keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music, vault and nave and aisle,
Though on his ear falls but a thundrous roar,—
In the composer's lofty motive free,
Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, and hymn
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on these changing chords of life,
With firm, sweet touch plays the Great Master's score
Of truth, and love, and duty, evermore,
Knows too that far beyond this roar and strife,
Though he may never hear, in the true time
These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime.

Anne C. L. Botta.

CHOPIN

I

A dream of interlinking hands, of feet
Tireless to spin the unseen, fairy woof
Of the entangling waltz. Bright eyebeams meet,
Gay laughter echoes from the vaulted roof.
Warm perfumes rise; the soft unflickering glow
Of branching lights sets off the changeful charms
Of glancing gems, rich stuffs, the dazzling snow
Of necks unkerchieft, and bare, clinging arms.
Hark to the music! How beneath the strain
Of reckless revelry, vibrates and sobs
One fundamental chord of constant pain,
The pulse-beat of the poet's heart that throbs.
So yearns, though all the dancing waves rejoice,
The troubled sea's disconsolate, deep voice.

II

Who shall proclaim the golden fable false
Of Orpheus's miracles? This subtle strain
Above our prose world's sordid loss and gain
Lightly uplifts us. With the rhythmic waltz,

The lyric prelude, the nocturnal song
Of love and languor, varied visions rise,
That melt and blend to our enchanted eyes.
The Polish poet who sleeps silenced long,
The seraph-souled musician, breathes again
Eternal eloquence, immortal pain.
Revived the exalted face we know so well,
The illuminated eyes, the fragile frame,
Slowly consuming with its inward flame—
We stir not, speak not, lest we break the spell.

III

A voice was needed, sweet and true and fine
As the sad spirit of the evening breeze,
Throbbing with human passion, yet divine
As the wild bird's untutored melodies.
A voice for him 'neath twilight heavens dim,
Who mourneth for his dead, while round him fall
The wan and noiseless leaves. A voice for him
Who sees the first green sprout, who hears the call
Of the first robin on the first spring day.
A voice for all whom Fate hath set apart,
Who, still misprized, must perish by the way,
Longing with love, for that they lack the art
Of their own soul's expression. For all these
Sing the unspoken hope, the vague, sad reveries.

IV

Then Nature shaped a poet's heart,—a lyre
From out whose chords the slightest breeze that blows
Drew trembling music, wakening sweet desire.
How shall she cherish him? Behold! she throws
This precious, fragile treasure in the whirl
Of seething passions: he is scourged and stung;
Must dive in storm-vext seas, if but one pearl
Of art or beauty therefrom may be wrung.
No pure-browed pensive nymph his Muse shall be:
An Amazon of thought with sovereign eyes,
Whose kiss was poison, man-brained, worldly-wise,
Inspired that elfin, delicate harmony.
Rich gain for us! But with him is it well?—
The poet who must sound earth, heaven, and hell!

EMMA LAZARUS.

WHAT THE SONNET IS

Fourteen small broidered berries on the hem
Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold;
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that rolled
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
With which Medea human fate foretold;
Fourteen small drops which Faustus, growing old,
Craved of the Fiend, to water life's dry stem.
It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;
The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;
The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

THE BOOK-STALL

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade:
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maple's breezy shade,
Than the book-stall old and gray.
Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sear.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain:

And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep
In the book-stall old and gray.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A BOOK-LOVER'S APOLOGIA

TEMPTATION lurks in every leaf
Of printed page or cover,
Whene'er I haunt the book-shops old,
Their treasures rare discover;
Or when, in choicest catalogues,
Among which I'm a rover,
My heart leaps up their names to see,—
For am I not their lover?

I linger o'er each dainty page
With loving touch and tender;
But find their sweet, seductive charms
Soon call me to surrender.
Brave fight, 'twixt heart and my lean purse,
My loved books' strong defender!
More precious for the valiant strife
That love is called to render!

But when in Bibliopolis
Their dear forms round me cluster,
While rank on rank and file on file
In gathering numbers muster,
Think you I mind the sordid tongues
That soulless talk and bluster,
Or weigh, against their priceless worth,
The golden dollar's lustre?

Ah, no! since there are drink and food
For which the soul has longings,
And in its daily, upward strife,
Finds both in such belongings,—

Dear books! loved friends, full meet ye are
To greet the earliest dawnings
Of all the happiest days in life,
Of all its brightest mornings!

HARRIETTE C. S. BUCKHAM.

THE CHRYSALIS OF A BOOKWORM

I READ, O friend, no pages of old lore,
Which I loved well—and yet the flying days,
That softly passed as wind through green spring ways
And left a perfume, swift fly as of yore;
Though in clear Plato's stream I look no more,
Neither with Moschus sing Sicilian lays,
Nor with bold Dante wander in amaze,
Nor see our Will the Golden Age restore.
I read a book to which old books are new,
And new books old. A living book is mine—
In age, three years: in it I read no lies,
In it to myriad truths I find the clue—
A tender little child; but I divine
Thoughts high as Dante's in her clear blue eyes.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON

THE Muse's fairest light in no dark time,
The wonder of a learnèd age; the line
Which none can pass! the most proportioned wit,—
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own;
In whom, with nature, study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his book.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

GIVE ME THE OLD

"Old Wine to drink, Old Wood to burn, Old Books to read, Old Friends to converse with."

OLD wine to drink!
Ay, give the slippery juice
That drippeth from the grape thrown loose
Within the tun;
Plucked from beneath the cliff
Of sunny-sided Teneriffe,
And ripened 'neath the blink
Of India's sun!
Peat whisky hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter:
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.

Old wood to burn!
Ay, bring the hillside beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet:
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A fagot too, perhap,
Whose bright flame dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our drinking;
While the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our thinking.

Old books to read!
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,—
The well-earned meed
Of Oxford's domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence, lie;
Mort Arthur's olden minstrelsie,

Quaint Burton, quainter Spenser, ay!
And Gervase Markham's venerie:
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die.

Old friends to talk!
Ay, bring those chosen few,
The wise, the courtly, and the true,
So rarely found:
Him for my wine, him for my stud,
Him for my easel, distich, bud
In mountain walk!
Bring Walter good,
With soulful Fred, and learned Will:
And thee, my *alter ego* (dearer still
For every mood).

ROBERT HINCKLEY MESSINGER.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
And waxen lilacs, and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise,
Brought charmèd thoughts; and in earth everywhere
He, like sad Jaques, found a music rare
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he:
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified,
And lost his gods in deep Christ-given rest.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THEOCRITUS

Ah! unto thee belong
The pipe and song,
Theocritus,—
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine the blood-red revels,
Thine the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North:
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire,
Of mariners rocked asleep
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train:
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,—
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring,—
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And Autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall,—
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,

The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

ANNIE FIELDS.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON

A BALE-FIRE kindled in the night,
By night a blaze, by day a cloud,
With flame and smoke all England woke,—
It climbed so high, it roared so loud:

While over Massachusetts's pines
Uprose a white and steadfast star;
And many a night it hung unwatched,—
It shone so still, it seemed so far.

But Light is Fire, and Fire is Light;
And mariners are glad for these,—
The torch that flares along the coast,
The star that beams above the seas.

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER.

THE AMERICAN PANTHEON

LINES ON GRISWOLD'S 'POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA'

WHEN Rufus Griswold built his pantheon wide,
And set a hundred poets round its walls,
Did he suppose their statues would abide
The tests of time, upon their pedestals?

A hundred poets,—some in Parian stone
Perchance, and some in brittle plaster cast,
And some mere shades, whose names are scarcely known,
Dii minores of a voiceless past.

Time was when many there so neatly niched
Held each within his court a sovereign sway;
Each in his turn his little world enriched,—
The ephemeral poet-laureate of his day.

Ah, what is fame! Star after star goes out,
Lost Pleiads in the firmament of Truth;
Our kings discrowned ere dies the distant shout
That hailed the coronation of their youth.

Few are the world's great singers. Far apart,
Thrilling with love, yet wrapped in solitude,
They sit communing with the common Heart
That binds the race in common brotherhood.

A wind of heaven o'er their musing breathes,
And wakes them into verse,—as April turns
The roadside banks to violets, and unsheaths
The forest flowers amid the leaves and ferns.

And we, who dare not wear the immortal crown
Or singing robes, at least may hear and dream
While strains from prophet lips come floating down,
Inspired by them to sing some humbler theme.

Nay, nothing can be lost whose living stems,
Rooted in truth, spring up to beauty's flower.
The spangles of the stage may flout the gems
On queenly breasts—but only for an hour.

The fashion of the time shall stamp its own.
The heart, the radiant soul, the eternal truth
And beauty born of harmony, alone
Can claim the garlands of perennial youth.

Oh, not for fame the poet of to-day
Should hunger. Though the world his music scorn,
The after-time may hear, as mountains gray
Echo from depths unseen the Alpine horn.

So, while around this pantheon wide I stray,
Where poets from Freneau to Fay are set,
I doubt not each in turn has sung a lay
Some hearts are not quite willing to forget.

For who in barren rhyme and rhythm could spend
The costly hours the Muse alone should claim,
Did not some finer thought, some nobler end,
Breathe ardors sweeter than poetic fame?

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE BOY VAN DYCK

A. D. 1608

In the gray old Flemish city
Sat a comely, fair-haired dame,
At a window's deep embrasure,
Bending o'er her broidery-frame.
Round her played her merry children,
As they wound about their heads
Fillets, pilfered in their mischief,
From her skeins of arras-threads.

Oft she turned her glance upon them,
Softly smiling at their play,
All the while her busy needle
Pricking in and out its way;
From the open casement gazing,
Where the landscape lay in view,
Striving from her silken treasures
To portray each varied hue.

"Nay, I cannot," sighed she sadly,
As the threads dropped from her hold,
"Cannot match that steely sapphire,
Or that line of burnished gold.
How it sparkles as it stretches
Straight as any lance across!
Never hint of such a lustre
Lives within my brightest floss!

"Ah, that blaze of splendid color!
I could kneel with folded hands,
As I watch it slowly dying
Off the emerald pasture-lands.
How my crimson pales to ashen
In this flood of sunset hue,
Mocking all my poor endeavor,
Foiling all my skill can do!"

As they heard her sigh, the children
Pressed around their mother's knees:
"Nay"—they clamored—"where in Antwerp
Are there broideries such as these?
Why, the famous master, Rubens,
Craves the piece we think so rare,—

Asks our father's leave to paint it
Flung across the Emperor's chair!»

«How ye talk!»—she smiled. «Yet often,
As I draw my needle through,
Gloating o'er my tints, I fancy
I might be a painter too:
I, a woman, wife, and mother,
What have I to do with Art!
Are not ye my noblest pictures?
Portraits painted from my heart!

«Yet I think, if midst my seven
One should show the master's bent,—
One should do the things I dream of,—
All my soul would rest content.»
Straight the four-year-old Antonio
Answered, sobbing half aloud:—
«I will be your painter, painting
Pictures that shall make you proud!»

Quick she snatched this youngest darling,
Smoothing down his golden hair,
Kissing with a crazy rapture
Mouth and cheek and forehead fair—
Saying mid her sobbing laughter,
«So! my baby! *you* would like
To be named with Flemish Masters,
Rembrandt, Rubens, and—Van Dyck!»*

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HELENA

I AM Helen of Argos,
I am Helen of Sparta,
I, the daughter of Egypt,
I, the inflamer of Troy:
See me, Helen, still shining,
There where shines great Achilles:
Blossoms of summer I bring ye
Born not of shadows or dreams.

*The mother of Van Dyck was celebrated for her beautiful tapestry work. From her, her distinguished son inherited that taste for lucid color which has given him the name of «The Silvery Van Dyck.»

Early from Argos he bore me,
Theseus, inconstant of lovers:
Early in Argos he bound me,
He, Menelaus the King;
Queen of the court and of feasting,
Queen of the heart and the temple,
Goddess and priestess and mother,
Holding Hermione's hand.

There in the chambers of purple,
Fair as the statue he gathered
Worshiped by great Menelaus,
I, his Helen, remained;
Pure as when Theseus snatched me
First from the temple of Dian,
Dancing the dances of childhood,
Bare to her ivory floors.

Theseus snatched me and held me,
Hiding me far in Aphidnai;
Quickly I slipped from his covert,
I, no longer enslaved.
Ah! Menelaus the gentle,
Gently but strongly he bound me:
Lo! with the ships I departed,—
Ships that were sailing for Troy.

Paris had beckoned me hither;—
Waves were leaping around me,
Whispering of freedom and gladness,
Paris whispered of love:
Thus in the meshes entangled
Woven by hard Aphrodite,
Lost was I, slave to her service,
She, the compeller of men.

There on the turrets of Troia,
Watching the combat of heroes,
There in the eye of the noble,
Sent she a woman to me;
Calling me hence to serve Paris,
He, the lascivious, the perfumed,—
She, the compeller, she drove me
Hence in the faces of all.

Slave was I, bound was I, Helen!
Once the queen of the hearth-side;

Bond was I, scorned, yet the mother,
Queen of Hermione's heart:
Gazing on Hector the princely,—
Dead, and Andromache weeping,
Tears were not mine! Alas, deeper
Lay my smart and my pain.

Hector, my brother beloved!
Dear to me, far above others,
Here on thy body lamenting
I too echo thy praise!
Listen, Andromache, listen!
Out of the deepness of silence
Calleth a voice unto thee:—

"Calm, O beloved, O dear one,
Calm are the valleys of Orcus,
Restful the streams and dim alleys
Shut from the clamor of men;
Restful to him who has labored,
Labored and loved and is waiting,—
Waiting to hold in his bosom
Child and mother again."

Hear me, Andromache, listen!
This is for thee; but for Helen
All is voiceless and barren,
Silent the valley of shades;
Faded her joy with the blossoms,
Dead on the heart of the summer!
Kypris, goddess, ah! free me,
Slave and child of thy will.

Long through the ages I suffered,
Suffered the calling of lovers;
Down through the ages I followed,
Won by the bidding of Faust:
Strong, unsubdued, and immortal,
I, the young mother of Sparta,
Stand here and bring ye these blossoms,
Fresh as the children of spring.

Down to the ships went the captives,
Unwilling procession of sorrow,
Cassandra behind Agamemnon,
Andromache bound with the rest:

I, Helen, walked with my husband;
Level my glance of pure azure,
Rosy my cheeks, lest the Spartans
Think less well of their king.

Helen, that years could not alter,
Nor bees that deflower the lilies,—
Helen, child of immortals,
Holding the reins of his steed:
Thus through the gateway of Sparta,
When the fires of Troy were extinguished,
Proud in his gladness and glory,
Proudly I brought them their king.

One sang, "Base was their Helen!"—
I, standing far above splendor,
Calm in the circle of godhead,
Moved not by striving of men,
Heard thus Stesichorus the singer,—
Mad raver, a poet, a mortal,—
While the gods and the heroes immortal
Struck the perjurer blind with their glance.

No longer he seeth where beauty
Abideth untouched of the earth-stained;
No more shall he mark in her coming
Persephone's noiseless feet;
No more, when Helen approacheth,
Shall he know the star of her forehead,
And Helen the false shall decoy him
With wiles and tales of her own.

Lovers, ah, lovers inconstant!
Ye have slain but the form and the semblance.
Know ye your Helen has vanished
And sleeps on a hero's breast.
Hers is the fire undying,
The light and the flame of the singer,
The mariner's lamp and his beacon,
His harbor of home and his rest.

ANNIE FIELDS.

AFTER CONSTRUING

LORD CÆSAR, when you sternly wrote
The story of your grim campaigns,
And watched the ragged smoke-wreath float
Above the burning plains,

Amid the impenetrable wood,
Amid the camp's incessant hum,
At eve, beside the tumbling flood
In high Avaricum,

You little recked, imperious head,
When shrilled your shattering trumpet's noise,
Your frigid sections would be read
By bright-eyed English boys.

Ah, me! who penetrates to-day
The secret of your deep designs,
Your sovereign visions, as you lay
Amid the sleeping lines?

The Mantuan singer pleading stands;
From century to century
He leans and reaches wistful hands,
And cannot bear to die.

But you are silent, secret, proud,
No smile upon your haggard face;
As when you eyed the murderous crowd
Beside the statue's base.

I marvel: that Titanic heart
Beats strongly through the arid page;
And we, self-conscious sons of art,
In this bewildering age,

Like dizzy revelers stumbling out
Upon the pure and peaceful night,
Are sobered into troubled doubt,
As swims across our sight

The ray of that sequestered sun,
Far in the illimitable blue,—
The dream of all you left undone,
Of all you dared to do.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

THE MODERN ROMANS

UNDER the slanting light of the yellow sun of October, [track.
A "gang of Dagos" were working close by the side of the car-
Pausing a moment to catch a note of their liquid Italian,
Faintly I heard an echo of Rome's imperial accents,—
Broken-down forms of Latin words from the Senate and Forum,
Now smoothed over by use to the musical *lingua Romana.*

Then came the thought, Why! these are the heirs of the conquering Romans;
These are the sons of the men who founded the empire of Cæsar.
These are they whose fathers carried the conquering eagles
Over all Gaul and across the sea to Ultima Thule. [ures
The race-type persists unchanged in their eyes, and profiles, and fig-
Muscular, short, and thick-set, with prominent noses, recalling
"Romanos rerum dominos, gentemque togatam."
See: Labienus is swinging a pick with rhythmical motion;
Yonder one pushing the shovel might be Julius Cæsar,—
Lean, deep-eyed, broad-browed, and bald, a man of a thousand;
Further along stands the jolly Horatius Flaccus;
Grim and grave, with rings in his ears, see Cato the Censor;
And the next has precisely the bust of Cneius Pompeius.
Blurred and worn the surface, I grant, and the coin is but copper;
Look more closely, you'll catch a hint of the old superscription,
Perhaps the stem of a letter, perhaps a leaf of the laurel.

On the side of the street, in proud and gloomy seclusion,
"Bossing the job," stood a Celt, the race enslaved by the legions,
Sold in the market of Rome to meet the expenses of Cæsar.
And as I loitered, the Celt cried out, "Worruk, ye Dagos!
Full up your shovel, Paythro', ye haythen,—I'll dock yees a quarther!"
This he said to the one who resembled the great imperator.
Meekly the dignified Roman kept on patiently digging.

Such are the changes and chances the centuries bring to the nations.
Surely the ups and downs of this world are past calculation.
How the races troop o'er the stage in endless procession!
Persian and Arab and Greek, and Hun and Roman and Saxon,
Master the world in turn, and then disappear in the darkness,
Leaving a remnant as hewers of wood and drawers of water.
"Possibly" (this I thought to myself) "the yoke of the Irish
May in turn be lifted from us in the tenth generation.
Now the Celt is on top; but time may bring his revenges,
Turning the Fenian down once more to be 'bossed by a Dago.'"

CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous?

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue — come, let us hear its tune.
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us — for doubtless thou canst recollect —
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade;
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest; — if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop — if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen —

How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! Incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above ground seen some strange mutations:
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;
Have children climbed those knees and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!

HORACE SMITH.

A KING IN EGYPT

I THINK I lie by the lingering Nile;
I think I am one that has lain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast;

Lying muffled in fold on fold,
With the gum and the gold and the spice enrolled,
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone;
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown,
And the lean, lithe lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head,
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead,
With my days all done, and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.

HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

THE WORLD'S JUSTICE

If the sudden tidings came
That on some far, foreign coast,
Buried ages long from fame,
Had been found a remnant lost
Of that hoary race who dwelt
By the golden Nile divine,
Spake the Pharaohs' tongue, and knelt
At the moon-crowned Isis's shrine,—
How at reverend Egypt's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

If the sudden news were known,
That anigh the desert place
Where once blossomed Babylon,
Scions of a mighty race
Still survived, of giant build,—
Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage,
Whose ancestral fame had filled,
Trumpet-tongued, the earlier age,—
How at old Assyria's feet
Pilgrims from all lands would meet!

Yet when Egypt's self was young,
And Assyria's bloom unworn,
Ere the mythic Homer sung,
Ere the gods of Greece were born,
Lived the nation of one God,
Priests of freedom, sons of Shem,
Never quelled by yoke or rod,
Founders of Jerusalem;—
Is there one abides to-day?
Seeker of dead cities, say!

Answer, now as then, *they are:*
Scattered broadcast o'er the lands,
Knit in spirit nigh and far,
With indissoluble bands.
Half the world adores their God,
They the living law proclaim,
And their guerdon is — the rod,
Stripes and scourgings, death and shame:
Still on Israel's head forlorn,
Every nation heaps its scorn.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er;
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth:
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek,
Grows into the great sun;—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;—
So without sound of music
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallowed spot:
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest;
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave;

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again — oh, wondrous thought! —
Before the Judgment Day;
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With th' Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

A DANISH BARROW

On the East Devon Coast

Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!
A sturdy-back and sturdy-limb,
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browses and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane! This restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep:
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And — vain memento of the spot —
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still! Thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again: no more
The raven from the northern shore
Hails the bold crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughtered kings,
'Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou — thy very name is lost!
The peasant only knows that here
Bold Alfred scooped thy flinty bier,
And prayed a foeman's prayer, and tost
His auburn head, and said, "One more
Of England's foes guards England's shore;" —

And turned and passed to other feats,
And left thee in thine iron robe,
To circle with the circling globe;
While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie; and let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they, —
By hurrying years urged on to rest,
As thou within the Mother's breast.

Francis Turner Palgrave.

BONAVENTURA

The Old Burying-Place of Savannah

The broad white road flows by this place of tombs,
Set in the inlet's curving lines of blue.
Through the low arch, wide spreading tender glooms,
Stand the gray trees, light-veiled by those strange looms
That weave their palest thread of air and dew.

Gray moss, it seems the mist of tears once shed;
Dim ghost of prayers, whose longing once it spoke:
For still its fairy floating flags, o'erhead,
By every wind of morning visited,
Sigh in a silence that were else unbroke.

Silence, how deep! The Southern day half done
Is pierced by sudden thrills of autumn chill;
From the tall pine-trees black against the sun
The great brown cones, slow-dropping, one by one,
Fall on dead leaves, and all again is still!

So still, you hear the rush of hurrying wings
Beyond the river, where tall grasses grow.
Far off, the blackbird eddying dips and sings,
Or on the heavy-headed rice-stalk swings,
Slow-swaying with the light weight, to and fro.

This is the temple of most deep repose—
Guardian of sleep, keeper of perfect rest!
Silently in the sun the fair stream flows;
Upon its unstirred breast a white sail goes
From the blue east into the bluer west.

Nature herself, with magic spell of power,
Stands in these aisles and says to all things "Peace!"
Nothing she hears more harsh than growth of flower
Or climbing feet of mosses that each hour
Their delicate store of softest green increase,

Or flying footsteps of the hurrying rain.
No need have we to pray the dead may sleep,
That in such depths of perfect calm can pain
No entrance find; nor shall they fear again
To turn and sigh, to wake again or weep.

Ellen Frances Terry Johnson.

SLEEPY HOLLOW

No abbey's gloom, nor dark cathedral stoops,
No winding torches paint the midnight air;
Here the green pines delight, the aspen droops
Along the modest pathways, and those fair
Pale asters of the season spread their plumes
Around this field, fit garden for our tombs.

And shalt thou pause to hear some funeral bell
Slow stealing o'er thy heart in this calm place,—
Not with a throb of pain, a feverish knell,
But in its kind and supplicating grace,
It says, Go, pilgrim, on thy march, be more
Friend to the friendless than thou wast before;

Learn from the loved one's rest serenity;
To-morrow that soft bell for thee shall sound,
And thou repose beneath the whispering tree,
One tribute more to this submissive ground;—
Prison thy soul from malice, bar out pride,
Nor these pale flowers nor this still field deride.

Rather to those ascents of being turn,
Where a ne'er-setting sun illumes the year
Eternal, and the incessant watch-fires burn
Of unspent holiness and goodness clear;
Forget man's littleness, deserve the best,
God's mercy in thy thought and life confest.

William Ellery Channing.

«HE BRINGETH THEM UNTO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN»

I knew a much-loved mariner
Who lies a fathom underground;
Above him now the grasses stir,
Two rose-trees set a bound.

From a high hill his grave looks out
Through sighing larches to the sea;
Now for the ocean's raucous rout
All June the humblebee

Drones round him on the lonely steeps,
And shy wood-creatures come and go
Above the green mound where he keeps
His silent watch below.

An elemental man was he:
Loved God, his wife, his children dear,
And fared through dangers of the sea
Without a sense of fear.

And, loving nature, he was wise
In all the moods of wave and cloud:
Before the pageant of the skies
Nightly his spirit bowed;

Yet reckoned shrewdly with the gale,
And felt the viking's fierce delight
To face the north wind's icy hail,
Unmoved to thought of flight.

But wheresoe'er his prow was turned,
His thoughts, like homing pigeons, came
Back where his casement candle burned
Through many a league its flame.

Exiled from all he loved, at last
The summer gale has brought him home,
Where on the hillsides thickly massed
The elders break in foam.

The lonely highways that he knew
No longer hold him; nor the gale,
Sweeping the desolated blue,
Roars in his slanting sail.

For he has grown a part of all
The winter silence of the hills;
For him the stately twilights fall,
The hemlock softly shrills

In mimicry of gales that woke
His vigilance off many a shore
Whereon the vibrant billows broke.
Now he awakes no more.

He wakes no more! Ah me! his grief
Was ever that the sea had power

To hold from him the budding leaf,
The opening of the flower.

And so he hungered for the spring—
The hissing, furrow-turning plow,
The first thin notes the bluebirds sing,
The reddening of the bough.

Wave-deafened, many a night he stood
Upon his watery deck, and dreamed
Of thrushes singing in the wood,
And murmurous brooks that streamed

Through silver shallows, and of bees
Lulling the summer afternoon
With mellow trumpetings of ease,
Of drowsiness the boon;

And dreamed of growing old at home,
The wise Ulysses of his crew
Of children's children, who would roam
With him the lands he knew,

And, wide-eyed, face with him the gale,
And hear the slanting billows roar
Their diapason round his rail—
All safe beside his door.

Now he has come into his own,—
Sunshine and bird-song round the spot,
And scents from spicy woodlands blown,—
Yet haply knows it not.

But round the grave where he doth keep,
Unsolaced by regret or woe,
His narrowed heritage in sleep,
The little children go.

They shyly go without a sound,
And read in reverent awe his name,
Until for them the very ground
Doth blossom with his fame.

L. Frank Tooker.

SLEEP ON, MY LOVE

SLEEP on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted.
My last "good-night!" Thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.
Stay for me there: I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee;
At night, when I betake to rest,
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours' sail,
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

BISHOP CHICHESTER.

SMITH OF MAUDLIN

MY CHUMS will burn their Indian weeds
The very night I pass away,
And cloud-propelling, puff and puff
As white the thin smoke melts away;
Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half-closed,
Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
Will say, "This very pipe I use
Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."

That night in High Street there will walk
The ruffling gownsmen three abreast,
The stiff-necked proctors, wary-eyed,
The dons, the coaches, and the rest:
Sly "Cherub Sims" will then propose
Billiards, or some sweet ivory sin;
Tom cries, "He played a pretty game—
Did honest Smith of Maudlin."

The boats are out!—the arrowy rush,
The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength;
The Balliol men have wopped the Queen's—
Hurrah!—but only by a length.
Dig on, ye muffs, ye cripples, dig!
Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin!
The man who bobs and steers cries, "Oh,
For plucky Smith of Maudlin."

Wine parties met—a noisy night;
Red sparks are breaking through the cloud;
The man who won the silver cup
Is in the chair erect and proud.
Three are asleep—one to himself
Sings, "Yellow jacket's sure to win."
A silence:—"Men, the memory
Of poor old Smith of Maudlin!"

The boxing rooms: With solemn air
A freshman dons the swollen glove;
With slicing strokes the lapping sticks
Work out a rubber—three and love;
With rasping jar the padded man
Whips Thompson's foil so square and thin,
And cries, "Why zur, you've not the wrist
Of Muster Smith of Maudlin."

But all this time beneath the sheet
I shall lie still, and free from pain,
Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
To gossip round the blinded pane;
Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
Feel in my pockets for my tin:
While one hag says, "We all must die,
Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

Ah! then a dreadful hush will come,
And all I hear will be the fly
Buzzing impatient round the wall,
And on the sheet where I must lie;
Next day a jostling of feet—
The men who bring the coffin in:—
"This is the door—the third pair back—
Here's Mr. Smith of Maudlin."

GEORGE WALTER THORNBURY.

A GREETING

O dear and friendly Death!
End of my road, however long it be,
Waiting with hospitable hand stretched out,
And full of gifts for me!

Why do we call thee foe,
Clouding with darksome mists thy face divine?
Life, she was sweet, but poor her largess seems
When matched with thine.

Thy amaranthine blooms
Are not less lovely than her rose of joy;
And the rare, subtle perfumes which they breathe
Never the senses cloy.

Thou holdest in thy store
Full satisfaction of all doubt, reply
To question, and the golden clue to dreams
Which idly passed us by;

Darkness to tired eyes
Perplexed with vision, blinded with long day,
Quiet to busy hands glad to fold up
And lay their work away;

A balm for anguish past,
Rest to the long unrest which smiles did hide,
The recognitions thirsted for in vain
And still by life denied;

A nearness all unknown
While in these stifling, prisoning bodies pent,
Unto thy soul and mine, Beloved, made one
At last, in full content.

Thou bringest me mine own:
The garnered flowers which felt thy sickle keen,
And the full vision of that face divine
Which I have loved unseen.

O dear and friendly Death!
End of my road, however long it be,
Nearing me day by day,—I still can smile
Whene'er I think of thee.

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey ("Susan Coolidge").

LAUGHTER AND DEATH

THERE is no laughter in the natural world
Of beast or fish or bird, though no sad doubt
Of their futurity to them unfurled
Has dared to check the mirth-compelling shout.
The lion roars his solemn thunder out
To the sleeping woods. The eagle screams her cry.
Even the lark must strain a serious throat
To hurl his blest defiance at the sky.
Fear, anger, jealousy, have found a voice.
Love's pain or rapture the brute bosoms swell.
Nature has symbols for her nobler joys,
Her nobler sorrows. Who had dared foretell
That only man by some sad mockery
Should learn to laugh who learns that he must die?

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

IF YOU go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting—
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,

And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows, and it grows, as though leaping
  Up higher the more one is thinking;
  And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:
  Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
  Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
  And sob between living and dying,
  And give up the land you were trying
To find 'mid your hopes and your fears,—
  Oh, the world shall come up and pass o'er you,
  Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
  Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
  Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
  Oh, perhaps the mere silences round you—
  All things in that place grief hath found you—
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
  Your face, as though some one had kissed you,
  Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
  Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
  May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
  Brim over, and baffle resistance,
  And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years,
  Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
  And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather;
The sound of them all grows like thunder:
Oh, into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping:
May God, then, the Maker and Father—
May He find a place for the tears!

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

JOHANN GAUDENZ VON SALIS.

Longfellow's Translation.

MARCH

MARCH — march — march!
Making sound as they tread,
Ho ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every tramp,
Every footfall is nearer,
And dimmer each lamp,
As darkness grows dimmer:
But ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread;
Ho ho! how they step,
Going down to the dead!

Mareh — march — march!
Making sounds as they tread,
Ho ho! how they laugh,
Going down to the dead!
How they whirl — how they trip,
How they smile, how they dally,
How blithesome they skip,
Going down to the valley!
Ho ho! how they march,
Making sounds as they tread;
Ho ho! how they skip,
Going down to the dead!

March — march — march!
Earth groans as they tread;
Eaeh carries a skull,
Going down to the dead!
Every stride, every stamp,
Every footfall is bolder!
'Tis a skeleton's tramp,
With a skull on his shoulder!
But ho! how he steps,
With a high-tossing head,
That clay-covered bone,
Going down to the dead!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

EVERY YEAR

LIFE is a count of losses,
Every year:
For the weak are heavier crosses
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumn's sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness
Every year:
Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Too true! Life's shores are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning-star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

ALBERT PIKE.

TO O. S. C.

SPIRIT of "fire and dew,"
Whither hast fled?
Thy soul they never knew
Who call thee dead.

Deep thoughts of why and how
Shadowed thine eyes:
Thou hast the answers now
Straight from the skies.

Thrilled with a double power,
Nature and Art—
Dowered with a double dower,
Reason and heart—

Not souls like thine, in vain
God fashioneth;
Leadeth them forth again,
Gently, by death.

ANNIE ELIOT TRUMBULL.

THE WIND OF DEATH

THE wind of death, that softly blows
The last warm petal from the rose,
The last dry leaf from off the tree,
To-night has come to breathe on me.

There was a time I learned to hate,
As weaker mortals learn to love;
The passion held me fixed as fate,
Burned in my veins early and late—
But now a wind falls from above—

The wind of death, that silently
Enshroudeth friend and enemy.

There was a time my soul was thrilled
By keen ambition's whip and spur:
My master forced me where he willed,
And with his power my life was filled:
But now the old-time pulses stir

How faintly in the wind of death,
That bloweth lightly as a breath!

And once, but once, at Love's dear feet
I yielded strength and life and heart;
His look turned bitter into sweet,
His smile made all the world complete—
The wind blows loves like leaves apart—

The wind of death, that tenderly
Is blowing 'twixt my love and me.

O wind of death, that darkly blows
Each separate ship of human woes
Far out on a mysterious sea,
I turn, I turn my face to thee.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD

FAREWELL, ye golden follies, pleasing troubles!
Farewell, ye honored rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold, pure clay;
Honor's the darling of but one short day;

Beauty, the eyes' idol, but a damasked skin;
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own;
Fame, honor, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richest mine;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected whilst the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass:
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorned if poor;
Great, feared; fair, tempted; high, still envied more:
I have wished all, but now I wish for neither,
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir;
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair";
Fame speak me fortune's minion; could I vie
Angels* with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bowed knees, strike justice dumb
As well as blind and lame; or give a tongue
To stones and epitaphs; be called great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives,—
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign
Than ever Fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul more dearly loves;
Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;

*Gold coins.

A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks; no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect an holy melancholy;
And if contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heaven again.

Attributed to Sir Henry Wotton and to Raleigh.

FAREWELL, EARTH'S BLISS

ADIEU, farewell, earth's bliss:
This world uncertain is;
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from its darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health,
Physic himself must fade:
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us! . . .

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage:
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord, have mercy on us!

THOMAS NASH.

EPHEMERON

GRAY, on the daisied grass,
Shadows of moving leaves;
Happy the brown bees hum,
"Summer has come — has come;"
Lightly the low winds pass,
Shaking the peony-sheaves.

Tulips the sun looks through
Shining and stately stand;
Redder than rubies glow
All their great globes a-row,
Bright on the summer blue,
Lanthorns of fairy-land.

Ever and aye my own
Still shall this moment be;
I shall remember all,—
Shadows, and tulips tall,
Seent from the bean-fields blown,
Song of the humble-bee.

* * *

Lost is that fragrant hour,
Dewy and golden-lit,—
Dead — for the memory
Pitiful comes to me
Wan as a withered flower,—
Only the ghost of it.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

"I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS THAT FADE"

I HAVE loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents:
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour:
My song, be like a flower!

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ

"REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS."

Photogravure from a painting by Heyser.





Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it;
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere:
My song, be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb!

Author Unknown.

THE HASTE OF LOVE

AH, SWEETHEART, let us hurry!
We still have time.
Delaying thus, we bury
Our mutual prime.

Beauty's bright gift shall perish
As leaves grow sere;
All that we have and cherish
Shall disappear.

The cheek of roses fadeth,
Gray grows the head;
And fire the eyes evadeth,
And passion's dead.

The mouth, love's honeyed winner,
Is formless, cold;
The hand, like snow, gets thinner,
And thou art old!

So let us taste the pleasure
That youth endears,
Ere we are called to measure
The flying years.

Give, as thou lov'st and livest,
Thy love to me,
Even though, in what thou givest,
My loss should be!

MARTIN OPITZ.

Translation of Bayard Taylor.

ATALANTA

When spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew run
The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death or anything!

Maurice Thompson.

IMMANENCE

My thoughts go out like spider-threads,
Cast forth upon the air;
Filmy and fine, and floating wide,
Caught by whatever may betide,
To seek thee everywhere.

In league with every breeze that blows,
All ways, all holds they dare;
North, east, or south, or west they fly,
And sure, though winds be low or high,
To find thee everywhere.

Love still is lord of space and fate:
All roads his runners fare;
All heights that bar, they laughing climb;
They find all days the fitting time,
And highways everywhere.

IN A ROSE-GARDEN

A HUNDRED years from now, dear heart,
We shall not care at all.
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We shall not mind the pain;
The throbbing crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain.
The song we sing together, dear,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er;
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore.
These glasses we turn down to-day
Here at the parting of the way—
We shall be wineless then as they,
And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness,
Or followed love's despair.
Then fill the glasses up again,
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain,
And dream one more dream there.

JOHN BENNETT.

THE ROSARY

THE hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me:
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end, and there
A cross is hung.

O memories that bless—and burn!
O barren gain—and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

A THRENODY

THE rainy smell of a ferny dell,
Whose shadow no sun-ray flaws,
When Autumn sits in the wayside weeds
Telling her beads
Of haws.

The phantom mist, that is moonbeam-kissed,
On hills where the trees are thinned,
When Autumn leans at the oak-root's scarp,
Playing a harp
Of wind.

The crickets' chirr 'neath brier and burr,
By leaf-strewn pools and streams,
When Autumn stands 'mid the dropping nuts,
With the book, she shuts,
Of dreams.

The gray "alas" of the days that pass,
And the hope that says "adieu,"
A parting sorrow, a shriveled flower,
And one ghost's hour
With you.

MADISON J. CAWEIN.

COME BACK, DEAR DAYS

Come back, dear days, from out the past!—
I see your gentle ghosts arise;
You look at me with mournful eyes,
And then the night grows vague and vast:
You have gone back to Paradise.

Why did you fleet away, dear days?
You were so welcome when you came!
The morning skies were all aflame;
The birds sang matins in your praise:
All else of life you put to shame.

Did I not honor you aright,—
I, who but lived to see you shine,
Who felt your very pain divine,
Thanked God and warmed me in your light,
Or quaffed your tears as they were wine?

What wooed you to those stranger skies,—
What love more fond, what dreams more fair,
What music whispered in the air?
What soft delight of smiles and sighs
Enchanted you from otherwhere?

You left no pledges when you went:
The years since then are bleak and cold;
No bursting buds the Junes unfold.
While you were here my all I spent;
Now I am poor and sad and old.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

A REVERY OF BOYHOOD

(Thirteenth Century)

There we children used to play,
Through the meadows and away,
Looking 'mid the grassy maze
For the violets; those days
Long ago
Saw them grow:
Now one sees the cattle graze.

I remember as we fared
Through the blossoms, we compared
Which the prettiest might be:
We were little things, you see.
On the ground
Wreaths we bound;—
So it goes, our youth and we.

Over stick and stone we went
Till the sunny day was spent;
Hunting strawberries, each skirrs
From the beeches to the firs,
Till — Hello,
Children! Go
Home, they cry — the foresters.

HEINRICH VON MORUNGEN.

Translation of Edward T. McLaughlin.

TWILIGHT

I SAW her walking in the rain,
And sweetly drew she nigh;
And then she crossed the hills again
To bid the day good-by.
"Good-by! good-by!
The world is dim as sorrow;
But close beside the morning sky
I'll say a glad Good-morrow!"

O dweller in the darling wood,
When near to death I lie,
Come from your leafy solitude,
And bid my soul good-by.
Good-by! good-by!
The world is dim as sorrow;
But close beside the morning sky
O say a glad Good-morrow!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE HIGHWAY

THE highway lies all bare and brown,
A naked line across the down
Worn by a hundred hurrying feet.
The tide of life along it flows,
And busy commerce comes and goes.
Where once the grass grew green and sweet
The world's fierce pulses beat.

Well for the highway that it lies
The passageway of great emprise!
Yet from its dust what voices cry,—
Voices of soft green growing things
Trampled and torn from earth which clings
Too closely, unperceiving why
Its darling bairns must die.

* * *

My heart's a highway, trodden down
By many a traveler of renown,—
Grave Thought and burden-bearing Deeds.
And strong Achievement's envoy fares,
With laughing Joys and crowding Cares,
Along the road that worldward leads—
Once rank with foolish weeds.

Glad is my heart to hear them pass,
Yet sometimes breathes a low "Alas!"
The tender springing things that grew—
The nursling hopes their feet destroyed,
Sweet ignorant dreams that youth enjoyed
That blossomed there the long year through—
Would I could have them too!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

OLD

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim sadly musing:
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, queue, and crimped cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,—
There he sat!
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seemed it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seemed it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the «dunce's stool»—
Its grave import still my fancy ladens:
«Here's a fool!»
It was summer, and we went to school.

Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried,—
Sportive pastime only worth our learning;
But we listened when the old man sighed,
And that lesson to our hearts went burning,
And we cried!
Still, in sooth, our tasks we seldom tried.

When a stranger seemed to mark our play,
(Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted,)
I remember well—too well—that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,
Would not stay!
When the stranger seemed to mark our play.

When we cautiously adventured nigh,
We could see his lips with anguish quiver;

Yet no word he uttered, but his eye
Seemed in mournful converse with the river
Murmuring by,
When we cautiously adventured nigh.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell:
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell—
(I was then thirteen, and she eleven)
Isabel!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

Softly asked she with a voice divine:—
"Why so lonely hast thou wandered hither?
Hast no home?—then come with me to mine;
There's our cottage, let me lead thee thither.
Why repine?"
Softly asked she with a voice divine.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old;
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Yet why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betrayed a pearl of sorrow:
Down it rolled;—
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Seems a jewel worth my journey here;
Ah, that such a scene should be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!
There's the very step so oft I mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted
For the game:
Old stone school-house!—it is still the same!

«In the cottage yonder I was born—
Long my happy home, that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring with limpid nectar swelling:
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

«Those two gateway sycamores you see—
They were planted just so far asunder
That long well-pole from the path to free,
And the wagon to pass safely under—
Ninety-three!
Those two gateway sycamores you see.

«There's the orchard where we used to climb,
When my mates and I were boys together;
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather:
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb.

«There the rude three-cornered chestnut rails,
Round the pasture where the flocks were grazing,
Where so sly I used to watch for quails
In the crops of buckwheat we were raising;
Traps and trails.—
There the rude three-cornered chestnut rails.

«How in summer have I traced that stream,
There through mead and woodland sweetly gliding,
Luring simple trout with many a scheme,
From the nooks where I have found them hiding:
All a dream!
How in summer have I traced that stream.

«There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond, and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain.

«There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red gable;
But alas! the morn shall no more bring
That dear group around my father's table:

Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing.

"I am fleeing!—all I loved are fled;
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it Jane and I were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing!—all I loved have fled!

"Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven who are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky.

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod,
Sire and sisters, and my little brother:
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod.

"There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways;
Bless the holy lesson!—but ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices silent now forever!
Peaceful days!
There I heard of Wisdom's pleasant ways.

"There my Mary blest me with her hand,
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,—
Ere she hastened to the spirit land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand.

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,
Where we worshiped in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade,
I, all withering with years, shall perish;

With my Mary may I there be laid,
Join forever — all the wish I cherish —
Her dear shade!
Haply, ere the verdure there shall fade.

"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow;
Now why I sit here thou hast been told."—
In his eye another pearl of sorrow·
Down it rolled!
"Angel," said he sadly, "I am old!"

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat the hoary pilgrim, sadly musing:
Still I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing;
Poor, unknown,
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

RALPH HOYT.

THE PRIME OF LIFE

JUST as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy-chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at a folly I would not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,—
And I am thinking that forty year
Isn't the age that it seems to be,
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me, of life it is just the prime!—
A fact that I hope she will understand;—
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
To dark-brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see,—
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told.—
Rose came by with a smile for me,
Just as I thought I was getting old.

WALTER LEARNED.

THE OLD

THEY are waiting on the shore
For the bark to take them home:
They will toil and grieve no more;
The hour for release hath come.

All their long life lies behind,
Like a dimly blending dream;
There is nothing left to bind
To the realms that only seem.

They are waiting for the boat;
There is nothing left to do:
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of the tree;
After battle, sleep is best,
After noise, tranquillity.

RODEN NOËL.

THE GREAT BREATH

ITS edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day;
There where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills, for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when Beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

G. W. RUSSELL.

THE REFUSAL OF CHARON *

"WHY look the distant mountains
So gloomy and so drear?
Are rain-clouds passing o'er them,
Or is the tempest near?"—
"No shadow of the tempest
Is there, nor wind, nor rain,—
'Tis Charon that is passing by,
With all his gloomy train.

"The young men march before him
In all their strength and pride;
The tender little infants,
They totter by his side;
The old men walk behind him,
And earnestly they pray—
Both old and young imploring him
To grant some brief delay."—

"O Charon! halt, we pray thee,
By yonder little town,
Or near that sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down!
The old will drink and be refreshed,
The young the disk will fling,
And the tender little children
Pluck flowers beside the spring."—

"I will not stay my journey,
Nor halt by any town,
Near any sparkling fountain,
Where the waters wimple down:
The mothers coming to the well
Would know the babes they bore;
The wives would clasp their husbands,
Nor could I part them more."

Romaic.

* Modern Greek poetry assigns to Charon, not only the duty of ferrying his cargo across the Styx, but the function formerly assumed by Hermes, of conducting the souls of the dead to the underworld.

THE WILD RIDE

I HEAR *in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,*
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

Cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle, [legion,
Straight, grim, and abreast, vault our weather-worn, galloping
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things to entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding.

Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses,
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.

We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with thy Troopers that follow!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE FRONTIER

O SOLDIER, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,—
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled West,
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be — beyond all telling sweet —
After long marches with red danger fraught,
The wakeful bivouac, the assault and flight—
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught —
To camp afar, beyond defeat and fight,
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

LLOYD MIFFLIN.

FREEDOM OF THE MIND

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns the immortal mind this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose:
Swifter than light it flies from Pole to Pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And in its watches wearies every star!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THE CLOISTER

THOUGHT never knew material bound or place,
Nor footsteps may the roving fancy trace:
Peace cannot learn beneath a roof to house,
Nor cloister hold us safe within our vows.

The cloistered heart may brave the common air,
And the world's children breathe the holiest prayer:
Build for us, Lord, and in thy temple reign!
Watch with us, Lord, our watchman wakes in vain!

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS

MY MINDE to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy wherein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or nature hath assignde;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay,—
I seek no more than may suffice.

I presse to beare no haughtie sway;
  Look! what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
  And hastie clymbers soon do fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with toile, and keepe with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare. . . .

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
  I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live. . . .

I wish but what I have at will;
  I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
  In greatest storms I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe. . . .

The court ne cart I like ne loath,—
  Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
  Doth surest sit, and feares no fall:
This is my choyce; for why?—I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde. . . .

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
  My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I neither seeke by bribes to please,
  Nor by desert to breed offence.
Thus do I live; thus will I die:
Would all did so as well as I!

SIR EDWARD DYER.

THOUGHT

THOUGHT is deeper than all speeeh,
Feeling deeper than all thought:
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet:
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the sun of love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world hath taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

QUESTIONINGS

HATH this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done,
Or another consciousness
With the selfsame forms impress?

Doth yon fire-ball poised in air
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies—
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or—more wonderful—within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare
Than reality doth wear
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of mind's omnipotence.

Soul, that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?
Thought! that in me works and lives,—
Life to all things living gives,—
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung

From thyself,—thyself a dream,—
Of the world's thinking, thou the theme?

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth,—
Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live;
To thee all myself will give;
Losing still, that I may find
This bounded self in boundless mind.

FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

ANCIENT GUEBER HYMN

WHERE goest thou, keen soul of heat,
So bright, so light, so fleet;
Whose wing was never downward bent,
Aye pluming for ascent?
Where goest thou, when, breaking loose
From all mechanic use,
From beacon-head and altar-stone
And hearth of mortal flown,
Thou spreadest through the air apace,
Dissolving in wide space?

Continually the waters fall;
Springs, torrents, rivers,—all,
Drawn downward to the gathering deep,
Remain within its keep.
But thou to the empyrean sea,
Bright upward stream, dost flee,
Where stars and sun are lost to sight,
Drowned in exceeding light!

Continually, in strength and pride,
The great ships cut the tide;
The waters fall, and these descend
Unto their journey's end.
But who, upborne on wing of thine,
Shall reach thy goal divine?

Thither, O rapt and holy Fire,
Thither, bid me aspire,
That when my spirit's flame burns free,
It shall ascend with thee.

FLAMMANTIS MŒNIA MUNDI*

I stood alone in purple space, and saw
The burning walls of the world, like wings of flame
Circling the sphere: there was no break nor flaw
In those vast airy battlements whence came
The spirits who had done with time and fame
And all the playthings of earth's little hour;
I saw them each, I knew them for the same,—
Mothers and brothers and the sons of power.

Yet were they changed: the flaming walls had burned
Their perishable selves, and there remained
Only the pure white vision of the soul,
The mortal part consumed, and swift returned
Ashes to ashes; while unscathed, unstained,
The immortal passed beyond the earth's control.

Annie Fields.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS

There was a man who watched the river flow
Past the huge town, one gray November day.
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play
The boys made merry as they saw him go,
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,
The immortal screed he held within his hand.
For he was walking in an April land
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream
Was the prose-world, the river and the town.
Wild joy possessed him: through enchanted skies
He saw the cranes of Ibycus swoop down.
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes:
Lo — a black line of birds in wavering thread
Bore him the greetings of the deathless dead!

Emma Lazarus.

*«Flaming walls of the world»: Lucretius.

THE SOUL'S DEFIANCE

I SAID to Sorrow's awful storm
That beat against my breast,
"Rage on,—thou mayst destroy this form,
And lay it low at rest;
But still the spirit that now brooks
Thy tempest, raging high,
Undaunted on its fury looks
With steadfast eye."

I said to Penury's meagre train,
"Come on,—your threats I brave:
My last poor life-drop you may drain,
And crush me to the grave;
Yet still the spirit that endures
Shall mock your force the while,
And meet each cold, cold grasp of yours
With bitter smile."

I said to cold Neglect and Scorn,
"Pass on,—I heed you not:
Ye may pursue me till my form
And being are forgot;
Yet still the spirit, which you see
Undaunted by your wiles,
Draws from its own nobility
Its high-born smiles."

I said to Friendship's menaced blow,
"Strike deep,—my heart shall bear:
Thou canst but add one bitter woe
To those already there;
Yet still the spirit that sustains
This last severe distress
Shall smile upon its keenest pains,
And scorn redress."

I said to Death's uplifted dart,
"Aim sure,—oh, why delay?
Thou wilt not find a fearful heart,
A weak, reluctant prey;
For still the spirit, firm and free,
Unruffled by dismay,
Wrapt in its own eternity,
Shall pass away."

LAVINIA STODDARD.

ANY SOUL TO ANY BODY

So we must part, my body, you and I,
Who've spent so many pleasant years together!
'Tis sorry work to lose your company
Who clove to me so close, whate'er the weather,
From winter unto winter, wet or dry;
But you have reached the limit of your tether,
And I must journey on my way alone,
And leave you quietly beneath a stone.

They say that you are altogether bad
(Forgive me, 'tis not my experience),
And think me very wicked to be sad
At leaving you, a clod, a prison, whence
To get quite free I should be very glad.
Perhaps I may be so, some few days hence;
But now, methinks, 'twere graceless not to spend
A tear or two on my departing friend.

Now our long partnership is near completed,
And I look back upon its history,
I greatly fear I have not always treated
You with the honesty you showed to me.
And I must own that you have oft defeated
Unworthy schemes by your sincerity,
And by a blush or stammering tongue have tried
To make me think again before I lied.

'Tis true you're not so handsome as you were,
But that's not your fault and is partly mine,—
You might have lasted longer with more care,
And still looked something like your first design;
And even now, with all your wear and tear,
'Tis pitiful to think I must resign
You to the friendless grave, the patient prey
Of all the hungry legions of decay.

But you must stay, dear body, and I go.
And I was once so very proud of you!
You made my mother's eyes to overflow
When first she saw you, wonderful and new.
And now, with all your faults, 'twere hard to find
A slave more willing or a friend more true:
Ay—even they who say the worst about you
Can scarcely tell what I shall do without you.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

BODY AND SOUL

HERE at life's silent, shadowy gate,
O Soul, my Soul, I lie and wait;
Faint in the darkness, blind and dumb,
O Soul, my promised comrade, come!

The morn breaks gladly in the east;
Hush! hark! the signs of solemn feast:
The softened footstep on the stair;
The happy smile, the chant, the prayer;
The dainty robes, the christening-bowl—
'Tis well with Body and with Soul.

Why lingerest thou at dawn of life?
Seest not a world with pleasure rife?
Hear'st not the song and whir of bird?
The joyous leaves to music stirred?
Thou too shalt sing and float in light;
My Soul, thou shalt be happy—quite.

But yet so young, and such unrest?
Thou must be glad, my glorious guest.
Here is the revel, here is mirth,
Here strains enchanting sway the earth;
Measures of joy in fullness spent:
My Soul, thou canst but be content.

Is this a tear upon my hand?
A tear? I do not understand.
Ripples of laughter, and a moan?
Why sit we thus, apart, alone?
Lift up thine eyes, O Soul, and sing!
He comes, our lover and our king!
Feel how each pulse in rapture thrills!
Look, at our feet the red wine spills!
And he—he comes with step divine,
A spirit meet, O Soul, for thine.

Body and Soul's supremest bliss—
What, dost thou ask for more than this?
Stay, here are houses, lands, and gold;
Here, honor's hand; here, gains untold:
Drink thou the full cup to the lees;
Drink, Soul, and make thy bed in ease.
Thou art my prisoner; thou my slave:
And thou *shalt* sip wherein I lave.

Nay? nay? Then there are broader fields,
Whose luring path a treasure yields:
Thou shalt the universe explore,
Its heights of knowledge, depths of lore;
Shalt journey far o'er land and sea:
And I, my Soul, will follow thee;
Will follow — follow — but I lag:
My heart grows faint, my footsteps flag.

And there are higher, holier things?
Is this a taunt thy spirit flings?
What is it, Soul, that thou wouldst say?
Thou erst had time to fast and pray.
Give me one word, one loving sign,
For this spent life of yours and mine!

I held thee fast by sordid ties?
I trailed thy garments, veiled thine eyes?
Go on, I come: but once did wait,
O Soul, for thee, at morning's gate.
Canst thou not pause to give me breath?
Perchance this shadow, Soul, is death.

I stumble, fall — it is the grave:
I am the prisoner, I the slave;
And thou, strange guest, for aye art free:
Forgive me, Soul, — I could but be
The earth that soiled, the fleshly clod,
The weight that bound thee to the sod.

Dust unto dust! I hear the knell;
And yet, O Soul, I love thee well!

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON.

GREETING

O LIFE that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The life that maketh all things new.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

IN LITTLES

A LITTLE House of Life,
With many noises rife,
Noises of joy and crime;
A little gate of birth,
Through which I slipped to earth
And found myself in Time.

And there, not far before,
Another little door,
One day to swing so free!
None pauses there to knock,
No other hand tries lock,—
It knows, and waits for me.

From out what Silent Land
I came, on Earth to stand
And learn life's little art,
Is not in me to say:
I know I did not stray,—
Was *sent;* to come, my part.

And down what Silent Shore
Beyond yon little door
I pass, I cannot tell:
I know I shall not stray,
Nor ever lose the way,—
Am *sent;* and all is well.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

TO-MORROWS AND TO-MORROWS

To-morrows and to-morrows stretch a gray
Unbroken line of shore; but as the sea
Will fret and gnaw the land, and stealthily
Devour it grain by grain, so day by day
Time's restless waters lap the sands away,
Until the shrinking isle of life, where we
Had pitched our tent, wholly engulfed shall be,
And swept far out into eternity,
Some morn, some noon, some night — we may not say
Just how, or when, or where! And then — what then?
O cry unanswered still by mortal ken!
This only may we know, — how far and wide
That precious dust be carried by the tide,
No mote is lost, but every grain of sand
Close-gathered in our Father's loving hand,
And made to build again — somehow, somewhere —
Another Isle of Life, divinely fair!

Gertrude Bloede ("Stuart Sterne").

SHALL I LOOK BACK?

From some dim height of being, undescried,
Shall I look back and trace the weary way
By which my feet are journeying to-day, —
The toilsome path that climbs the mountain-side,
Or leads into the valley sun-denied,
Where, through the darkness, hapless wanderers stray,
Unblessed, uncheered, ungladdened by a ray
Of certitude their errant steps to guide?

Shall I look back, and see the great things small;
The toilsome path, God's training for my feet,
The pains that never had been worth my tears?
Will some great light of rapture, bathing all,
Make bygone woe seem joy; past bitter, sweet?
Shall I look back and wonder at my fears?

Louise Chandler Moulton.

LIFE

By one great Heart, the Universe is stirred:
By Its strong pulse, stars climb the darkening blue;
It throbs in each fresh sunset's changing hue,
And thrills through low sweet song of every bird;

By It, the plunging blood reds all men's veins;
Joy feels that Heart against his rapturous own,
And on It, Sorrow breathes her sharpest groan;
It bounds through gladnesses and deepest pains.

Passionless beating through all Time and Space,
Relentless, calm, majestic in Its march,
Alike, though Nature shake heaven's endless arch.
Or man's heart break because of some dead face!

'Tis felt in sunshine greening the soft sod,
In children's smiling as in mother's tears;
And, for strange comfort, through the aching years,
Men's hungry souls have named that great Heart, *God!*

Margaret Deland.

WHAT LIFE IS

«What is life but what a man is thinking of all day?»
—Emerson.

If life were only what a man
Thinks daily of,—his little care,
His petty ill, his trivial plan;
His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;
His meagre ministry, his all
Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret—repentance small;
His poor unrealizèd dream,—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod:
Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
Is daily thinking of for man.

Julie M. Lippmann.

GOD

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,—
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight!
Thou only God—there is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,—
Embracing all, supporting, ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God, and know no more!

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence. Lord! in thee
Eternity had its foundation; all
Sprung forth from thee; of light, joy, harmony,
Sole Origin—all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;—
In me is matter's last gradation lost,

And the next step is spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave — a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how, so marvelously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death; and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to thee — its Author there.

GABRIEL ROMANOVICH DERZHAVIN (Russian).

Translation of Sir John Bowring.

«CAN FIND OUT GOD?»

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! Even when, most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

THE INDWELLING GOD

"Oh that I knew where I might find Him."

GO NOT, my soul, in search of Him:
Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not,
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

Thou shalt not want for company,
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee,
And show thee of his own.

Oh gift of gifts, oh grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place,
And be thy daily Friend!

Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim,
And thou shalt find him there.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

THE COMFORTER

MY HEART is searching for thee,
And lost in longing for thy voice!
Voice that lies deeper than the per-
manent sea,

Deeper than thought,
Deeper than my own life.

Behold the child,
With yellow locks and aspect wild,
Gazing on naught;
With hands hung listless
And heart at strife,
Waiting, a young lost Israelite,
For angels' food!

We are all children lost, of one great race,
Sighing for light,
Whom thou alone canst bless:
Give us manna, the promised good!
Show us thy face!
Else how should joy survive
The ebbing tide,
And hear the burden of the desert sea?

Where art thou, Guide?
Ah! where dost thou abide?
Within what heart or on what wave dost live?
Must man forever hunger till beyond his reach
Splendors of speech
Fall on his untaught ear?
Give me new light!
Give me new day!
«Who are ye
Thus crying for the light of a new day?
If wonders press on thee,
Delay thy feet,—delay!
But now
Fear clouds thy brow,
And seems to hunt thee through the wood.
Listen, delay!
I, the comforter, am near:
I am the loveliness of the earth;
I am the spring's birth;
I sing on the solemn shore;
I am the presence at the dark, low door.»

Annie Fields.

MYSTERY

O WHY are darkness and thick cloud
Wrapped close for ever round the throne of God?
Why is our pathway still in mystery trod?
None answers, though we call aloud.

The seedlet of the rose,
While still beneath the ground,
Think you it ever knows
The mystery profound
Of its own power of birth and bloom,
Until it springs above its tomb?

The caterpillar crawls
Its mean life in the dust,
Or hangs upon the walls
A dead aurelian crust:
Think you the larva ever knew
Its gold-winged flight before it flew?

When from the port of Spain
Columbus sailed away,
And down the sinking main
Moved toward the setting day,
Could any words have made him see
The new worlds that were yet to be?

The boy with laugh and play
Fills out his little plan,
Still lisping day by day
Of how he'll be a man;
But can you to his childish brain
Make aught of coming manhood plain?

Let heaven be just above us,
Let God be e'er so nigh,
Yet howso'er he love us,
And howe'er much we cry,
There is no speech that can make clear
The thing "that doth not yet appear."

'Tis not that God loves mystery:
The things beyond us we can never know,
Until up to their lofty height we grow,
And finite grasps infinity.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

HELEN KELLER

MUTE, sightless visitant,
From what uncharted world
Hast voyaged into Life's rude sea,
With guidance scant;
As if some bark mysteriously
Should hither glide, with spars aslant
And sails all furled?

In what perpetual dawn,
Child of the spotless brow,
Hast kept thy spirit far withdrawn —
Thy birthright undefiled?
What views to thy sealed eyes appear?
What voices mayst thou hear
Speak as we know not how?
Of grief and sin hast thou,
O radiant child,
Even thou, a share? Can mortal taint
Have power on thee unfearing
The woes our sight, our hearing,
Learn from Earth's crime and plaint?

Not as we see
Earth, sky, insensate forms, ourselves,
Thou seest, but vision-free
Thy fancy soars and delves,
Albeit no sounds to us relate
The wondrous things
Thy brave imaginings
Within their starry night create.

Pity thy unconfined
Clear spirit, whose enfranchised eyes
Use not their grosser sense?
Ah, no! thy bright intelligence
Hath its own Paradise,
A realm wherein to hear and see
Things hidden from our kind.
Not thou, not thou — 'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NIGHT AND DEATH

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came;
And lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

NIGHTFALL

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness: oh, how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I,—
Work in me as silently:
Veil the day's distracting sights;
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

From the darkened sky come forth
Countless stars,—a wondrous birth!
So may gleams of glory start
From this dim abyss, my heart;

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, eternal Right—
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serenely still,
And with light my being fill.

Thou who dwellest there, I know,
Dwellest here within me too;
May the perfect love of God
Here, as there, be shed abroad.

Let my soul attunèd be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS.

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,—
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings,
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour.
What but thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.



Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF

BECAUSE I seek thee not, oh seek thou me!
Because my lips are dumb, oh, hear the cry
I do not utter as thou passest by,
And from my lifelong bondage set me free!
Because content I perish, far from thee,
Oh seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
My soul in thy consuming fire! Draw nigh
And let me, blinded, thy salvation see.
If I were pouring at thy feet my tears,
If I were clamoring to see thy face,
I should not need thee, Lord, as now I need,
Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place;—
Because I seek not, pray not, give thou heed!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AWAKING

NIGHT after night we dauntlessly embark
On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
Drift for a while beneath the sombre arc
Of that full circle made of light and dark
Called life; yet have no fear, and know refound
Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
Of the first warble of some early lark
Or touch of sunbeam. Oh, and why not then
Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
Believing somewhere on our sense again
Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam, shall break,
And with glad voices cry, "Awake! awake!"

GERTRUDE BLOEDE ("Stuart Sterne").

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SURSUM

YE GOLDEN lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames arrayed,
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes;
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

GOD WITH US

O GOD, whose presence glows in all,
Within, around us, and above!
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is truth, whose name is love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee,—

Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

NATHANIEL LANGDON FROTHINGHAM.

FULFILLMENT

O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either Pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
O haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

William Augustus Muhlenberg

REST

[Lines found under the pillow of a soldier who died in hospital at Port Royal.]

I lay me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong,— all that is past:
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part:

I give a patient God
My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;—
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

MARY WOOLSEY HOWLAND.

NEARER HOME

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before:

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white Throne,
Nearer the jasper sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm;
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust!
Strengthen my feeble faith!
Let me feel as I would, when I stand
On the shore of the river of Death;

Feel as I would, when my feet
Are slipping over the brink:
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

PHŒBE CARY.

PERFECT PEACE

In quiet hours the tranquil soul
  Reflects the beauty of the sky:
No passions rise or billows roll,
  And only God and heaven are nigh.

The tides of being ebb and flow,
  Creating peace without alloy;
A sacred happiness we know,
  Too high for mirth, too deep for joy.

Like birds that slumber on the sea,
  Unconscious where the current runs,
We rest in God's infinity
  Of bliss, that circles stars and suns.

His perfect peace has swept from sight
  The narrow bounds of time and space,
And looking up with still delight
  We catch the glory of his face.

Augusta Larned.

WE ARE CHILDREN

Children indeed are we — children that wait
  Within a wondrous dwelling, while on high
  Stretch the sad vapors and the voiceless sky.
The house is fair, yet all is desolate
Because our Father comes not; clouds of fate
  Sadden above us — shivering we espy
The passing rain, the cloud before the gate,
  And cry to one another, "He is nigh!"
At early morning, with a shining Face,
  He left us innocent and lily-crowned;
And now this late night cometh on apace; —
  We hold each other's hands and look around,
Frighted at our own shades! Heaven send us grace!
  When He returns, all will be sleeping sound.

Robert Buchanan.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

When in the dead of night I lie
And gaze upon the trackless sky,
The star-bespangled heavenly scroll,
The boundless waters as they roll,—
I feel thy wondrous power to save
From perils of the stormy wave:
Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I calmly rest and soundly sleep.

And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death!
In ocean cave, still safe with thee,
The germ of immortality!
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

EMMA C. WILLARD.

NO MORE SEA

LIFE of our life, and Light of all our seeing,
How shall we rest on any hope but Thee,
What time our souls, to thee for refuge fleeing,
Long for the home where there is no more sea?

For still this sea of life, with endless wailing,
Dashes above our heads its blinding spray;
And vanquished hearts, sick with remorse and failing,
Moan like the waves at set of autumn day.

And ever round us swells the insatiate ocean
Of sin and doubt that lures us to our grave:

When its wild billows, with their mad commotion,
Would sweep us down — then only thou canst save.

And deep and dark the fearful gloom unlighted
Of that untried and all-surrounding sea,
On whose bleak shore arriving — lone — benighted,
We fall and lose ourselves at last — in thee.

Yea! in thy life our little lives are ended,
Into thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — thou hold'st us all!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

TRANQUILLITY

O FEVERED eyes, with searching strained
Till both the parching globes are pained,
At set of sun is balm for you;
Look up, and bathe them in the blue.
No need to count the coming stars,
Nor watch those wimpled pearly bars
That flush above the west; but follow
In idler mood the idle swallow,
With careless, half-unconscious eye,
Round his great circles on the sky,
Till he, and all things, lose for you
Their being in that depth of blue.

O fevered brain, with searching strained
Till every pulsing nerve is pained,
In tranquil hours is balm for you;
Vex not the thoughts with false and true;
Be still and bathe them in the blue.
To every sad conviction throw
This grim defiance: "Be it so!"
To doubts that will not let you sleep,
This answer: "Wait! the truth will keep."

Weary, and marred with care and pain
And bruising days, the human brain
Draws wounded inward; — it might be
Some delicate creature of the sea,
That, shuddering, shrinks its lucent dome,

And coils its azure tendrils home,
And folds its filmy curtains tight,
At jarring contact, e'er so light;
But let it float away all free,
And feel the buoyant, supple sea
Among its tinted streamers swell,
Again it spreads its gauzy rings,
And, waving its wan fringes, swings
With rhythmic pulse its crystal bell.

Think out, float out away from where
The pressure of the trembling air
Keeps down to earth the shrunken mind.
Set free the smothered thought, and find
Beyond our world a vaster place,
To thrill and vibrate out through space;
As some auroral banner streams
Up through the night in widening gleams,
And floats and flashes o'er our dreams;
There let the whirling planet fall
Down — down, till but a vanishing ball,
A misty gleam: and dwindled so,
Thyself, thy world, no trace can show;
Too small to have a care or woe
Or wish, apart from that one will
That doth His worlds with music fill.

Author Unknown.

EVENING HYMN

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,—
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

Chandler Robbins.

VESPER HYMN

Now, on sea and land descending,
Brings the night its peace profound:
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To His care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

MORNING HYMN

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care—
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

Awake, awake, ye heavenly choir!
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Master's will—
Oh, may I never more do ill!

THOMAS KEN.

THE AGE OF GOLD

THE God that to the fathers
Revealed his holy will
Has not the world forsaken,—
He's with the children still.
Then envy not the twilight
That glimmered on their way;
Look up and see the dawning,
That broadens into day.

'Twas but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the Kingdom,
The better time to be:
To-day, we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old;
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

PARADISE

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
Where they shall sin no more,
Who strive to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The heavenly place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song:
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber.

PEACE ON EARTH

IT CAME upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,"
From heaven's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet, with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

«I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY»

(Job vii. 16)

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where, seeking for rest, I but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves her brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And Joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray
Save the gloom of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without, and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine ere I'm captive again.
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And my cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Immortality's lamp burns there bright 'mid the gloom.
There too is the pillow where Christ bowed his head—
Oh, soft be my slumbers on that holy bed!
And then the glad morn soon to follow that night,
When the sunrise of glory shall beam on my sight,
When the full matin-song, as the sleepers arise
To shout in the morning, shall peal through the skies.

Who, who would live alway, away from his God:
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

That heavenly music! what is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet on my ear.
And see, soft unfolding, those portals of gold;
The King all arrayed in his beauty behold!
Oh, give me—oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me hasten my flight to those mansions above;

Ay, 'tis now that my soul on swift pinions would soar,
And in ecstasy bid earth adieu evermore.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG.

FAITH AND A HEART

WHAT can console for a dead world?
We tread on dust which once was life;
To nothingness all things are hurled:
What meaning in a hopeless strife?
Time's awful storm
Breaks but the form.

The essential truth of life remains,
Its goodness and its beauty too,
Pure love's unutterable gains,
And hope which thrills us through and through.
God has not fled,
Souls are not dead.

Not in most ancient Palestine
Nor in the lightsome air of Greece,
Were human struggles more divine,
More blessed with guerdon of increase.
Take thou thy stand
In the workers' band.

Whatever comes, whatever goes,
Still throbs the heart whereby we live,
The primal joys still lighten woes,
And Time which steals doth also give.
Fear not, be brave:
God can thee save.

Hast thou no faith? Thine is the fault:
What prophets, heroes, sages, saints,
Have loved, on thee still makes assault,
Thee with immortal things acquaints.
On life then seize:
Doubt is disease.

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

FAITH AND HOPE

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe,—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Savior, mark'st the tears I shed—
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed, for thou hast died!
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

ROBERT GRANT.

FAITH

WE WILL not weep—for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,—
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint,—if heavy burdens bind us,
They press no harder than our souls can bear;
The thorniest way is lying still behind us,—
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last:
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBURT.

MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE

«Behold the Lamb of God.»

MY FAITH looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray—
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,—
Blest Savior, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALMER.

THE GATE OF HEAVEN

SHE stood outside the gate of heaven, and saw them entering in,
A world-long train of shining ones, all washed in blood from sin.

The hero-martyr in the blaze uplifted his strong eye,
And trod firm the reconquered soil of his nativity!

And he who had despised his life, and laid it down in pain,
Now triumphed in its worthiness, and took it up again.

The holy one, who had met God in desert cave alone,
Feared not to stand with brethren around the Father's throne.

They who had done, in darkest night, the deeds of light and flame,
Circled about with them as with a glowing halo came.

And humble souls, who held themselves too dear for earth to buy,
Now passed on through the golden gate, to live eternally.

And when into the glory the last of all did go, [woe."
"Thank God! there *is* a heaven," she cried, "though mine is endless

The angel of the golden gate said, "Where then dost thou dwell?
And who art thou that enterest not?"—"A soul escaped from hell."

"Who knows to bless with prayer like thine, in hell can never be;
God's angel could not, if he would, bar up this door from thee."

She left her sin outside the gate, she meekly entered there,
Breathed free the blessèd air of heaven, and knew her native air.

Author Unknown.

THE ALMIGHTY LOVE

IN DARKEST days and nights of storm,
Men knew thee but to fear thy form;
And in the reddest lightning saw
Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read thy love
In flowers beneath, in stars above;
And in the track of every storm
Behold thy beauty's rainbow form;

And in the reddest lightning's path
We see no vestiges of wrath,
But always wisdom,—perfect love
From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains;
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
For their Almighty Love is here.

THEODORE PARKER.

A SHELTER AGAINST STORM AND RAIN

ONLY a shelter for my head I sought,
One stormy winter night;
To me the blessing of my life was brought,
Making the whole world bright.
How shall I thank thee for a gift so sweet,
O dearest Heavenly Friend?
I sought a resting-place for weary feet,
And found my journey's end.

Only the latchet of a friendly door
My timid fingers tried:
A loving heart, with all its precious store,
To me was opened wide.
I asked for shelter from a passing shower—
My sun shall always shine!
I would have sat beside the hearth an hour—
And the whole heart was mine!

RÜCKERT (German).

Translation of James Freeman Clarke.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE

Now summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream nor bank, the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill,—
Alike to me fall frosts and dews;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And over hope's horizon line
The future dawns serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay:
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise,
And turn my rosy sky to gray;
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear.
Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold or fond love wooes;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings:
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
And far the radiant angel flees,
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin:
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.

Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE

COME ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come, at God's altar fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish:
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.

Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure:
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

THOMAS MOORE.

THE HOPE OF THE HETERODOX

IN THEE, O blessèd God, I hope,
In thee, in thee, in thee!
Though banned by Presbyter and Pope,
My trust is still in thee.
Thou wilt not cast thy servant out
Because he chanced to see
With his own eyes, and dared to doubt
What praters preach of thee.
Oh no! no! no!
For ever and ever and aye
(Though Pope and Presbyter bray)
Thou wilt not cast away
An honest soul from thee.

I look around on earth and sky,
And thee, and ever thee,
With open heart and open eye
How can I fail to see?

My ear drinks in from field and fell
Life's rival floods of glee:
Where finds the priest his private hell
When all is full of thee?
Oh no! no! no!
Though flocks of geese
Give Heaven's high ear no peace,
I still enjoy a lease
Of happy thoughts from thee.

My faith is strong; out of itself
It grows erect and free;
No Talmud on the Rabbi's shelf
Gives amulets to me.
Small Greek I know, nor Hebrew much,
But this I plainly see:
Two legs without a Bishop's crutch
God gave to thee and me.
Oh no! no! no!
The Church may loose and bind,
But mind, immortal mind,
As free as wave or wind,
Came forth, O God, from thee!

O pious quack! thy pills are good;
But mine as good may be,
And healthy men on healthy food
Live without you or me.
Good lady! let the doer do!
Thought is a busy bee,
Nor honey less what it doth brew,
Though very gall to thee.
Oh no! no! no!
Though Councils decree and declare,
Like a tree in open air
The soul its foliage fair
Spreads forth, O God, to thee!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

HYMN AND PRAYER

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen, yet not unfelt,—if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire
A generous act or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy.—Yet for their dear sake
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found;
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew:
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded;
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true.

For their sake too—the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those who have found in me some trace of gold—
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was pressed.

Tender and sensitive, he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well-deservèd fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
With eyes of love looked into eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed;
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean!
O speak the word,—thy servant shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke.

FOR DIVINE STRENGTH

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and, when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair, oh! may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father—now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong—we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

DE PROFUNDIS

OUT of the deep I call
To thee, O Lord, to thee;
Before thy throne of grace I fall,—
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

Out of the deep of fear,
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I hear my Savior's name.

Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow,—
Be merciful to me.

H. W. BAKER.

ROLL OUT, O SONG

ROLL out, O song to God!
Move on, ye throngs of men!
Chances and changes come and go:
God changeth not! Amen.
And on the throngs of men,
On worrying care and strife,
Sinks down, as if from angel tongues,
The word of hope and life.

Down in the darksome ways
And worrying whirl of life
Sinks, like a strain of vesper-song,
The thought of his great strife
Who, of the Virgin born,
Made all our chains his own,
And broke them with his own right arm,
Nor left us more alone.

Amid the weak, one strong,
Amid the false, one true,
Amid all change, one changing not,—
One hope we ne'er shall rue.
In whose sight all is now,
In whose love all is best:
The things of this world pass away,—
Come, let us in him rest.
Amen.

FRANK SEWALL.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind):
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

«To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line
The Savior who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

«The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapt in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.»

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

«All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!»

NAHUM TATE.

TRYSTE NOEL

THE Ox he openeth wide the Doore
And from the Snowe he calls her inne,
And he hath seen her smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.
Now soone from Sleepe
A Starre shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But oh, the place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath husht his voyce and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty ore the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forspent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But sore am I with Vaine Travél!

The Ox is host in Juda's stall,
And Host of more than onelie one,

For close she gathereth withal
Our Lorde her littel Sonne.
Glad Hinde and King
Their Gyfte may bring,
But wo'd to-night my Teares were there,
Amen, Amen:
Between her Bosom and His hayre!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

SAN LORENZO GIUSTINIANI'S MOTHER

I HAD not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time.
I hardly guessed, at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears,
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled.
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me forever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever;—
That altered face, those holy weeds.
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet forever.

If to my son my alms were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
Dreams are we, shadows, visions strange:
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change.

ALICE MEYNELL.

JESUS THE CARPENTER

"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—ay, it is he,
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me;—
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood,
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of he
At the same work as me.

He warn't that set up that he couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant he felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make too free;
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock, and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,—
Not he knows as much of the Lord in that shed,
Where he earned his own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways, and my love for the shed
(We've been forty years wed).

So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as he
Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so;
But I think I'd as lief, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden—
Unexpected, you know!

Catherine C. Liddell (C. C. Fraser-Tytler).

THE GUEST

YET if his Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand.
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;
See they be fitted all:
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light.

"Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,
The dais o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers; and in any case,
Let each man give attendance in his place."
Thus if the king were coming would we do:
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honor to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labor lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven:
We wallow in our sin;
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain him always like a stranger,
And as at first still lodge him at the manger.

From Christ Church MS. To it music was written by Thomas Ford.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

HOW happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,

Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; hath ever understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of State, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains, the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

DEATH THE LEVELER

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate:
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow.
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:

Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds;
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

NIGHT UNTO NIGHT SHOWETH FORTH KNOWLEDGE

WHEN I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The almighty mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our human sight,

But if we steadfast look,
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may heavenly knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror
That far-stretched power
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour;

That from the farthest north
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.—

Some nation yet shut in
With hills of ice

May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice;

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have:
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watched since first
The world had birth;
And found sin in itself accursed,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

IN IMAGINE PERTRANSIT HOMO

FOLLOW thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!
Though thou be black as night,
And she made all of light,
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow!

Follow her, whose light thy light depriveth!
Though here thou livest disgraced,
And she in heaven is placed,
Yet follow her whose light the world reviveth!

Follow those pure beams whose beauty burneth,
That so have scorchèd thee,
As thou still black must be
Till her kind beams thy black to brightness turneth.

Follow her while yet her glory shineth!
There comes a luckless night
That will dim all her light;—
And this the black unhappy shadow divineth.

Follow still, since so thy fates ordainèd!
The sun must have his shade,
Till both at once do fade,—
The sun still proved, the shadow still disdainèd.

T. CAMPION.

I LOVE TO STEAL AWHILE AWAY

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrow cast
On him whom I adore.

I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven:
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

PHŒBE HINSDALE BROWN.

TRUST IN FAITH

O WORLD, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead,
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine,
By which alone the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.

GEORGE SANTAYANA.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go.

Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod:
We are not divided,—
All one body we;
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people:
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices,
In triumphant song—
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King.
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

A PRAYER FOR UNITY

ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;

"THE SOLDIER'S DREAM."

Photogravure from a painting by Detaille.



Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son:
Descend, O Holy Spirit! like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord,—
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be:
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

THE STARRY HOST

THE countless stars, which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky,
And like a flock of birds still onward fly;
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face
As though God bade them win Infinity.

Ah whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that for them to be is to advance?

JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING.

UNIVERSAL WORSHIP

O THOU, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung;
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue:

Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipers may dwell,
Nor where at sultry noon thy Son
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well:

From every place below the skies
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To thee shall age with snowy hair,
And strength and beauty, bend the knee;
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
Its praises and its prayers to thee.

O thou, to whom in ancient time
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,—
To thee at last in every clime
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

JOHN PIERPONT.

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH

WHERE ancient forests round us spread,
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,
On the lone mountain's silent head,
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark-blue midnight arch,
Whence myriad suns pour down their rays,
Where planets trace their ceaseless march,
Father! we worship as we gaze.

The tombs thy altars are; for there,
When earthly loves and hopes have fled,
To thee ascends the spirit's prayer,
Thou God of the immortal dead!

All space is holy; for all space
Is filled by thee: but human thought

Burns clearer in some chosen place,
Where thy own words of love are taught.

Here be they taught; and may we know
That faith thy servants knew of old,
Which onward bears through weal and woe,
Till Death the gates of heaven unfold.

Nor we alone: may those whose brow
Shows yet no trace of human cares,
Hereafter stand where we do now,
And raise to thee still holier prayers.

ANDREWS NORTON.

THE OLD CHURCH

CLOSE to the road it stood among the trees,
The old, bare church, with windows small and high,
And open doors that gave, on meeting-day,
A welcome to the careless passer-by.

Its straight, uncushioned seats, how hard they seemed!
What penance-doing form they always wore
To little heads that could not reach the text,
And little feet that could not reach the floor.

What wonder that we hailed with strong delight
The buzzing wasp, slow sailing down the aisle,
Or, sunk in sin, beguiled the constant fly
From weary heads, to make our neighbors smile.

How softly from the church-yard came the breeze
That stirred the cedar boughs with scented wings,
And gently fanned the sleeper's heated brow
Or fluttered Grandma Barlow's bonnet strings.

With half-shut eyes, across the pulpit bent,
The preacher droned in soothing tones about
Some theme, that like the narrow windows high,
Took in the sky but left terrestrials out.

Good, worthy man, his work on earth is done:
His place is lost, the old church passed away;
And with them, when they went, there must have gone
That sweet, bright calm, my childhood's Sabbath day.

ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSON.

THE WINGED WORSHIPERS

To Two Swallows in a Church

Gay, guiltless pair!
What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
Ye have no need of prayer,
Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
Where mortals to their Maker bend?
Can your pure spirits fear
The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
The crimes for which we come to weep;
Penance is not for you,
Blest wanderers of the upper deep!

To you 'tis given
To wake sweet Nature's untaught lays;
Beneath the arch of heaven
To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
And join the choirs that sing
In yon blue dome not reared with hands;

Or, if ye stay
To note the consecrated hour,
Teach me the airy way,
And let me try your envied power!

Above the crowd
On upward wings could I but fly,
I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
And seek the stars that gem the sky.

'Twere heaven indeed,
Through fields of trackless light to soar,
On Nature's charms to feed,
And Nature's own great God adore.

Charles Sprague.

THE CIRCUIT PREACHER

His thin wife's cheek grows pinched and pale with anxiousness intense;
He sees the brethren's prayerful eyes o'er all the conference;
He hears the bishop slowly call the long "appointment" rolls,
Where in his vineyard God would place these gatherers of souls.

Apart, austere, the knot of grim presiding elders sit:
He wonders if some city "charge" may not for him have writ?
Certes! could they his sermon hear on Paul and Luke awreck,
Then had his talent ne'er been hid on Annomessix Neck!

Poor rugged heart, be still a pause, and you, worn wife, be meek!
Two years of banishment they read far down the Chesapeake!
Though Brother Bates, less eloquent, by Wilmington is wooed,
The Lord that counts the sparrow's fall shall feed his little brood.

"Cheer up, my girl! here Brother Riggs our circuit knows 'twill please:
He raised three hundred dollars there, besides the marriage fees.
What! tears from us who preached the word these thirty years or so —
Two years on barren Chincoteague, and two in Tuckahoe?

"The schools are good, the brethren say, and our church holds the wheel:
The Presbyterians lost their house; the Baptists lost their zeal.
The parsonage is clean and dry; the town has friendly folk,—
Not half so dull as Murderkill, nor proud like Pocomoke.

"Oh, thy just will, our Lord, be done! though these eight seasons more
We see our ague-crippled boys pine on the Eastern shore,
While we, thy stewards, journey out our dedicated years
Midst foresters of Nanticoke or heathen of Tangiers!

"Yea! some must serve on God's frontiers, and I shall fail perforce
To sow upon some better ground my most select discourse:
At Sassafras or Smyrna preach my argument on 'Drink,'
My series on the Pentateuch at Appoquinimink.

"Gray am I, brethren, in the work, though tough to bear my part:
It is these drooping little ones that sometimes wring my heart,
And cheat me with the vain conceit the cleverness is mine
To fill the churches of the Elk, and pass the Brandywine.

"These hairs were brown when, full of hope, ent'ring these holy lists,
Proud of my order as a knight,—the shouting Methodists,—
I made the pine woods ring with hymns, with prayer the night-winds shook,
And preached from Assawaman Light far north as Bombay Hook.

"My nag was gray, my gig was new—fast went the sandy miles;
The eldest trustees gave me praise, the fairest sisters smiles;
Still I recall how Elder Smith of Worten Heights averred
My Apostolic Parallels the best he ever heard.

"All winter long I rode the snows, rejoicing on my way;
At midnight our revival hymns rolled o'er the sobbing bay;
Three Sabbath sermons, every week, should tire a man of brass—
And still our fervent membership must have their extra class!

"Aggressive with the zeal of youth, in many a warm requite
I terrified Immersionists, and scourged the Millerite;
But larger, tenderer charities such vain debates supplant,
When the dear wife, saved by my zeal, loved the Itinerant.

"No cooing dove, of storms afeard, she shared my life's distress—
A singing Miriam, alway, in God's poor wilderness.
The wretched at her footstep smiled, the frivolous were still:
A bright path marked her pilgrimage, from Blackbird to Snowhill.

"A new face in the parsonage, at church a double pride!—
Like the Madonna and her babe they filled the 'Amen side':
Crouched at my feet in the old gig, my boy, so fair and frank,
Naswongo's darkest marshes cheered, and sluices of Choptank.

"My cloth drew close; too fruitful love my fruitless life outran:
The townfolk marveled, when we moved, at such a caravan!
I wonder not my lads grew wild, when, bright, without the door
Spread the ripe, luring, wanton world—and we, within, so poor!

"For, down the silent cypress aisles came shapes even me to scout,
Mocking the lean flanks of my mare, my boy's patched roundabout,
And saying: 'Have these starveling boors, thy congregation, souls,
That on their dull heads Heaven and thou pour forth such living coals?'

"Then prayer brought hopes, half secular, like seers by Endor's witch:
Beyond our barren Maryland God's folks were wise and rich;

Where climbing spires and easy pews showed how the preacher thrived,
And all old brethren paid their rents, and many young ones wived!

"I saw the ships Henlopen pass with chaplains fat and sleek;
From Bishopshead with fancy's sails I crossed the Chesapeake;
In velvet pulpits of the North said my best sermons o'er—
And that on Paul to Patmos driven, drew tears in Baltimore.

"Well! well! my brethren, it is true we should not preach for pelf;
(I would my sermon on St. Paul the bishop heard himself!)
But this crushed wife—these boys—these hairs! they cut me to the core;—
Is it not hard, year after year, to ride the Eastern Shore?

"Next year? Yes, yes, I thank you much! Then my reward may fall!
(That is a downright fair discourse on Patmos and St. Paul!)
So, Brother Riggs, once more my voice shall ring in the old lists.
Cheer up, sick heart, who would not die among these Methodists?"

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

SACRIFICE

FASTING

Lent

'TIS morning now, yet silently I stand,
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand,
Look out while darkness overspreads the way,
And long for day.

Calm peace is frighted with my mood to-night,
Nor visits my dull chamber with her light,
To guide my senses into her sweet rest
And leave me blest.

Long hours since the city rocked and sung
Itself to slumber: only the stars swung
Aloft their torches in the midnight skies
With watchful eyes.

No sound awakes; I, even, breathe no sigh,
Nor hear a single footstep passing by;

Yet I am not alone, for now I feel
A presence steal

Within my chamber walls: I turn to see
The sweetest guest that courts humanity;
With subtle, slow enchantment draws she near,
And Sleep is here.

What care I for the olive branch of Peace?
Kind Sleep will bring a thrice-distilled release,—
Nepenthes that alone her mystic hand
Can understand.

And so she bends, this welcome sorceress,
To crown my fasting with her light caress.
Ah, sure my pain will vanish at the bliss
Of her warm kiss.

But still my duty lies in self-denial;
I must refuse sweet Sleep, although the trial
Will reawaken all my depth of pain.
So once again

I lift the curtain with a weary hand;
With more than sorrow, silently I stand,
Look out while darkness overspreads the way,
And long for day.

«Go, Sleep,» I say, «before the darkness die,
To one who needs you even more than I;
For I can bear my part alone, but he
Has need of thee.

«His poor tired eyes in vain have sought relief,
His heart more tired still, with all its grief;
His pain is deep, while mine is vague and dim—
Go thou to him.

«When thou hast fanned him with thy drowsy wings,
And laid thy lips upon the pulsing strings
That in his soul with fret and fever burn,
To me return.»

She goes. The air within the quiet street
Reverberates to the passing of her feet;
I watch her take her passage through the gloom
To your dear home.

Belovèd, would you knew how sweet to me
Is this denial, and how fervently
I pray that Sleep may lift you to her breast,
And give you rest—

A privilege that she alone can claim.
Would that my heart could comfort you the same;
But in the censer Sleep is swinging high,
All sorrows die.

She comes not back, yet all my miseries
Wane at the thought of your calm sleeping eyes—
Wane, as I hear the early matin bell
The dawn foretell.

And so, dear heart, still silently I stand,
Uplift the curtain with a weary hand;
The long, long night has bitter been and lone,
But now 'tis gone.

Dawn lights her candles in the East once more,
And darkness flees her chariot before;
The Lenten morning breaks with holy ray,
And it is day!

Brier

Good Friday

Because, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier,
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now:
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

ART THOU WEARY?

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

Is there diadem as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

ST. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.

Translation of John Mason Neale.

THE GUEST

[Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him; and he with me.]

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily.
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.

In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock:
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock:—
"Enter! I have turned the key!
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me!"

Opening wide the door He came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face!
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me!

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL.

I HOLD STILL

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it,—
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, As God will!
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me:
So I say, trusting, As God will!
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master-hand:
So I say, praying, As God will!
And hope in him, and suffer still.

JULIUS STURM (German).

WISHES AND PRAYERS

OUR wishes and our prayers are not
Always the same;
Alas! we often wish for what
We dare not name.

We strive to pray with bitter tears
For what we should,
But sadder than all else appears
The prayed-for good.

Lord! pardon me if I deplore
My granted prayer:
Lord, what thou taught'st me to pray for,
Teach me to bear.

MARGARET DELAND.

MILTON'S PRAYER OF PATIENCE

I AM old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown,
Afflicted and deserted of my kind;
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong;
I murmur not that I no longer see:
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are furthest, then art thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me; and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee
I recognize thy purpose clearly shown:
My vision thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—thyself alone.

I have naught to fear:
This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen!

Visions come and go:
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes,
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now a lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine:
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

ELIZABETH LLOYD HOWELL.

THE VOYAGE

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE ATHERTON MASON.

THE WILL OF GOD

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule,
Of our Savior's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of his heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

And he hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee—
A love to lose my will in his,
And by that loss be free.

He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost:
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE

TAKE thou the heart I cannot give;
Take that which is thine own.
To give, to take, to will, to do,
Is thine, and thine alone.

Yet, leaning on th' upholding arm,
I trust, but cannot see;
Help me, as of myself, to stretch
My helpless hands to thee.

And when thou hast received thine own,
Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
And save me from the wayward will
That seeks a wider way.

If ever, before adverse winds,
Between the cloud and sea,
I — at the mercy of my heart —
Am drifting far from thee;

Light of all tempted souls, be mine,
Till, sea and desert passed,
Safe in thy circling love I find
My anchorage at last!

M. A. L.

THE THINGS I MISS

AN EASY thing, O Power Divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young Fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be, this side heaven.

Had I too shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me?
Could I have felt thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still:
And then my heart attains to this,—
To thank thee for the things I miss.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

«THOUGH NAUGHT THEY MAY TO OTHERS BE»

If in these thoughts of mine that now assuage
The tedium of the toilsome life I live,
The few who chance to notice should perceive
Nothing their lasting interest to engage,
And quickly cease to turn the farther page,—
It were a shameful thing if I should grieve.
For if kind Destiny has chosen to give
To other minds, in many a clime and age,
Days brighter than my hours, should I repine?
And what if by an over-hasty glance
Some import be not heeded, or, perchance,
Too dim a light upon the pages shine?
Would I be wronged, even though the wealth I own,
And not the less enjoy, were all unknown?

George McKnight.

THE ABBÉ'S DREAM

The Abbé Michael dreamed one night
That heaven was open to his sight;
And first among the radiant throng
Which filled the streets with praise and song,
He saw a man whose reckless might
Had seamed his earthly life with wrong.

The Abbé saw not streets of gold,
Or splendid mansions manifold,
Or sea of glass, or jewels rare,
Or pearly gates beyond compare,
Or hosts of angels richly stoled;—
He only saw this sinner there!

The hymns of triumph reached his ears,
But brought no solace for his tears;
Peace from his jealous soul had flown:
«My life is spent for God alone,»
He cried; «and yet this man appears
Among the nearest to the throne.»

But ere he woke he heard a voice,
Which said unto his heart, «Rejoice!
The diamond which is full of light
Was once a coal as black as night!

Judge not the means which God employs
To make the wrong bloom into right."

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

TAKE MY LIFE

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord to thee.

Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift, and "beautiful" for thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart: it *is* thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JUSTICE

A HUNDRED noble wishes fill my heart:
I long to help each soul in need of aid;
In all good works my zeal would have its part,
Before no weight of toil it stands afraid.

But noble wishes are not noble deeds,
And he does least who seeks to do the whole:
Who works the best, his simplest duties heeds;
Who moves the world, first moves a single soul.

Then go, my heart, thy plainest work begin;
Do first not what thou canst, but what thou must;
Build not upon a corner-stone of sin,
Nor seek great works until thou first be just.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

LOVE AND HUMILITY

FAR have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find:
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good sprite.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven! lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?

My mansion hight humility,
Heaven's vastest capability.
The further it doth downward bend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with what it sought.

Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers; stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon;
Though all things were put in my hand,—
As parched, as dry, as Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity
Were wanting. But Humility

Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies entombed in lowly grave.
But if 'twere lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust,
That thou mayst raise me with the just.

HENRY MORE.

CONSCIENCE

THE friend I loved betrayed my trust
And bowed my spirit to the dust.
I keep the hurt he gave, yet know
He was forgiven long ago.

From him I did not merit ill;
But I would bear injustice still,
Content, could years of guiltless woe
Undo the wrong I did my foe.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

CONSCIENCE AND REMORSE

"GOOD-BY," I said to my Conscience—
"Good-by for aye and aye;"
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away:
And Conscience, smitten sorely,
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace:
And I cried, "Come back, my Conscience,
I long to see thy face;"
But Conscience cried, "I cannot,—
Remorse sits in my place."

PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

THE HOUSE OF HATE

MINE enemy builded well, with the soft blue hills in sight;
But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a house for spite:
And the name thereof I set in the stonework over the gate,
With a carving of bats and apes; and I called it the House of Hate.

And the front was alive with masks of malice and of despair;
Horned demons that leered in stone, and women with serpent hair:
That whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue,
It must fall on my evil work, and my hatred should pierce him through.

And I said, «I will dwell herein, for beholding my heart's desire
On my foe:» and I knelt, and fain had brightened the hearth with fire;
But the brands they would hiss and die, as with curses a strangled man,
And the hearth was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power, «Make ye merry, all friends of mine,
In the hall of my House of Hate, where is plentiful store and wine;
We will drink unhealth together unto him I have foiled and fooled!»
And they stared and they passed me by, but I scorned thereby to be schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank in the topmost seat
Choice grape from a curious cup, and the first it was wonder-sweet;
But the second was bitter indeed, and the third was bitter and black,
And the gloom of the grave came on me, and I cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear,
And thinly I laughed but once, for the echoes were strange to hear;
And the wind on the stairway howled, as a green-eyed wolf might cry,
And I heard my heart: I must look on the face of a man or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked and I saw it grown
(By the light in my shaking hand) to the like of the masks of stone:
And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my torch and fled;
And a fire-snake writhed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was a ruin despoiled of flame,
I fell at mine enemy's feet and besought him to slay my shame.

But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his eyes were calm and great:
"You rave or have dreamed," he said,—"I saw not your House of Hate!"

Lippincott's Magazine.

THE WIND OF MEMORY

RED curtains shut the storm from sight,
The inner rooms are live with light;
The fireside faces all aglow
See not the pale ghost in the snow,—
The pale ghost at the window pressed,
With the wind moaning in her breast.

She sees the face she hurt with scorn;
The other face where joy, new born,
Died out at her cheap mockery;
The eyes she filled, how bitterly!
The head that drooped beneath her jest—
The wind is moaning in her breast.

Invisible, unfelt, unknown,
She lingers trembling. She alone
Notes tenderly her vacant place,
And sees in it her vanished face;
She only—of this happy nest!
The wind is moaning in her breast.

Star-like the happy windows glow,
Framed in with mile on mile of snow;
And from their light a thing of death,
Of grief and memory, vanisheth,—
Her sin not deep but unredressed,
And the wind moaning in her breast.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

MY SHADOW

I DUG a grave, and laid within
Its secret depths one secret sin.
I stamped the earth upon it well;
I left no trace, the tale to tell.
Then from the darksome place I fled,
And turned my face to God and said:—

"O God, I come to serve thee now;
Hereafter to thy will I bow.
This sin must be—I cannot save
My soul from it, so dig this grave.
But there, O God, it hidden lies;
And I will gird my loins, and rise,
Go to my Father, and declare
That from this day his yoke I bear.
Straitly thy law I will obey,
Unswerving walk in Virtue's way,
Till thou forget that it hath been,—
This buried, unrepented sin.

"*Yea, shall my soul, because of one*
Deliberate sin, be quite undone?
Shall God forever hide his face,
His mercy hold for me no place?
May I not far behind me cast
Those things I buried in the Past,
And, reaching out to those before,
Serve thee with faithful heart the more?"

Time wraps that day in mists of years;
Upright I walk among my peers.
Honors and riches have I borne;
Plenty hath blest me with her horn.
With zeal untired my feet have trod
The blessed path that leads to God.
But sometimes beckoning Memory lifts
Her darkening veil, and all the gifts
That Fortune in my way hath placed
Are dust and ashes to my taste.
Out of the Past there steals anear
That sin, and whispers, "I am here!
Thou laidest me in ground that bears
No hallowing of repentant prayers.

No ghost can lie in grave unblest;
For thee and me there is no rest.
Thy works, thy faith, cannot avail:
My shadow follows in thy trail.
Between thy sacrifice and thee
Shall ever rise the thought of me!»

'Tis but a fantasy, I know:
Why should despair torment me so?
Yea, I shall smile, when morning breaks,
At fears with which my heart now quakes.

I dug a grave, and laid within
Its secret depths one secret sin.
I closed the grave—and know full well
That day I shut myself in hell!

LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

THE JUDGMENT

THOU hast done evil
And given place to the Devil;
Yet so cunningly thou concealest
The thing which thou feelest,
That no eye espieth it,—
Satan himself denieth it:
Go where it chooseth thee,
There is none that accuseth thee;
Neither foe nor lover
Will the wrong uncover;
The world's breath raiseth thee,
And thy own past praiseth thee.

Yet know thou this:
At quick of thy being
Is an eye, all seeing,
The snake's wit evadeth not,
The charmed lip persuadeth not:
So thoroughly it despiseth
The thing thy hand prizeth,
Though the sun were thy clothing,
It should count thee for nothing.

Thine own eye divineth thee;
Thine own soul arraigneth thee:
God himself cannot shrive thee
Till that judge forgive thee.

DORA READ GOODALE.

«IF I HAVE SINNED»

IF I HAVE sinned in act, I may repent;
If I have erred in thought, I may disclaim
My silent error, and yet feel no shame:
But if my soul, big with an ill intent,
Guilty in will, by fate be innocent,
Or being bad, yet murmurs at the curse
And incapacity of being worse,
That makes my hungry passion still keep Lent
In keen expectance of a Carnival,—
Where in all worlds that round the sun revolve,
And shed their influence on this passive ball,
Lives there a power that can my soul absolve?
Could any sin survive, and be forgiven,
One sinful wish would make a hell of heaven.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

WHAT THE KING SAID TO CHRIST AT THE JUDGMENT

I AM who knew thee on that day,—
The Child that in the manger lay;
I called thee Master, King.
I laid my gifts at thy young feet,
Jewels and myrrh, frankincense sweet,—
Such gifts as sovereigns bring.

The trumpet sounds another morn,
And I, of crown and sceptre shorn,
Look on thee from afar.
Now thou hast come, a King in state,
Know me, the beggar at the gate,
Who followed once thy star.

ISA CARRINGTON CABELL.

DIES IRÆ

DIES iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis,
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus;
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Miriam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed Tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis accribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa!
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

THOMAS DI ÇELANO.

DIES IRÆ

DAY of wrath! of days that Day!
Earth in flames shall pass away,
Heathen seers with prophets say.

What swift terrors then shall fall,
When descends the Judge of all,
Every action to recall.

Hark! the trump, with wondrous tone,
Wakes the graves of nations gone,
Forcing all before the Throne.

Death shall die — fair nature too,
When the creature, risen anew,
Answers to his God's review.

He the fatal scroll shall spread,
Writ with all things done or said,
Thence to judge th' awakened dead.

Lo! he takes his seat of light:
All that's dark shall leap to sight,
Guilt, the sword of vengeance smite.

What shall I, then, wretched plead?
Who will mediate in my need,
When the just shall scarce succeed?

King majestic! Sovereign dread!
Saving all for whom He bled,
Save thou me, Salvation's head!

Holy Jesus! priceless stay!
Think! for *me* thy bleeding way!
Lose me not, upon that day.

Faint and weary, thou hast sought—
By the cross, my crown hast bought:
Can such anguish be for naught?

Oh! avenging Judge severe,
Grant remission, full and clear,
Ere th' accounting day appear.

Like a guilty thing I moan;
Flushed my cheek, my sins I own:
Hear, O God, thy suppliant's groan.

Magdalen found grace with thee,
So the thief upon the tree;
Hope too thou hast breathed in me.

Worthless are my vows, I know,
Yet, dear Lord, thy mercy show,
Lest I sink in endless woe.

From the goats my lot divide;
With thy lambs a place provide,
On thy right and near thy side.

When th' accursed sink in shame,
Given to tormenting flame,
With thy blessed write my name.

Bowed to earth, I strive in prayer;
Heart like cinders, see, I bear,—
Its last throbbing be thy care!

Ah, that day of burning tears!
When from ashes reappears
Man all guilt, his doom to bear—
Spare him, God! in mercy spare!

Translation of Edward Slosson.

TO THE LORD OF THE YEARS

THIS rolling sea of stars
Is dust before thy breath,
Whose pleasure makes or mars
The halls of life and death.

Thy least desire is heard
Beyond the vasts of space,
And being's core is stirred
At turning of thy face.

The cycles of earth's years
Are phases in thy dream,
Unblurred by drift of tears,
Untouched of shade and gleam.

Yet of thy will we are
And children of thy word,
With every sun and star,
With every flower and bird.

Then grant we may not fail
From out thy vision vast,
When life's strong warders quail
Before death's icy blast;

But may we still aspire
To things unknown, unguessed,
More near the heart's desire
Than this poor body's quest.

WILLIAM CARMAN ROBERTS.

THE RETURN

They come from the ends of the earth,
White with its aged snows;
From the bounding breast of the tropic tide,
Where the day-beam ever glows;
From the east where first they dwelt,
From the north and the south and the west—
Where the sun puts on his robe of light,
And lays down his crown to rest.

Out of every land they come:
Where the palm triumphant grows,
Where the vine overshadows the roofs and the hills,
And the gold-orbed orange glows;
Where the olive and fig-tree thrive,
And the rich pomegranates red;
Where the citron blooms, and the apple of ill
Bows down its fragrant head;

From the lands where the gems are born—
Opal and emerald bright;
From shores where the ruddy corals grow,
And pearls with their mellow light;
Where silver and gold are dug,
And the diamond rivers roll,
And the marble white as the still moonlight
Is quarried, and jetty coal.

They come with a gladdening shout,
They come with a tear of joy—
Father and daughter, youth and maid,
Mother and blooming boy.
A thousand dwellings they leave—
Dwellings but not a home:
To them there is none but the sacred soil,
And the land whereto they come.

And the Temple again shall be built,
And filled as it was of yore;
And the burden be lift from the heart of the world,
And the nations all adore:
Prayers to the throne of heaven
Morning and eve shall rise,
And unto and not of the Lamb
Shall be the sacrifice.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

WAKE, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His fivefold lion-lineage —
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpah's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol and with pagan sign;
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh, deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses's law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first: erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE DEAD SOLOMON

KING SOLOMON stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught
In mien or face of fear or rage;
For he had guessed their secret thought,—
They had pined in hell for many an age.

Closed were the eyes that the demons feared;
Over his breast streamed his silver beard;
Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,—
As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer;
And a breath of wind would come and go,
And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair;
But he heeded not,
Rapt afar in holy thought.

King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part;
And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

So around him they stood with eyes of fire,
Each cursing the king in his secret heart,—
Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say "Depart";
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing:

But he heeded them not, nor raised his head;
For King Solomon was dead!

Then the body of the king fell down;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in twain.
He had prayed to the Lord that the house he planned
Might not be left for another hand,
Might not unfinished remain:
So praying, he had died;
But he had not prayed in vain.

So the body of the king fell down;
And howling fled the fiends amain:
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
Howling afar they fled.
Idly had they borne his chain,
And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
And King Solomon was dead!

JOHN AYLMER DORGAN.

JONAH'S VOYAGE IN THE WHALE

From 'Patience,' a Poem of the Fourteenth Century

As a mote in at a minster door, so mighty were its jaws,
Jonah enters by the gills, through slime and gore;
he reeled in through a gullet, that seemed to him a road,
tumbling about, aye head over heels,
till he staggers to a place as broad as a hall;
then he fixes his feet there and gropes all about,
and stands up in its belly, that stank as the devil;
in sorry plight there, 'mid grease that savored as he
his bower was arrayed, who would fain risk no ill.
Then he lurks there and seeks in each nook of the nave
the best sheltered spot, yet nowhere he finds
rest or recovery, but filthy mire
wherever he goes; but God is ever dear;
and he tarried at length and called to the Prince. . . .
Then he reached a nook and held himself there,
where no foul filth encumbered him about.
He sat there as safe, save for darkness alone,
as in the boat's stern, where he had slept ere.

Thus, in the beast's bowel, he abides there alive,
three days and three nights, thinking aye on the Lord,
His might and His mercy and His measure eke;
now he knows Him in woe, who could not in weal.
And onward rolls the whale through deep wild-seas,
through many rough regions, in stubborn will;
for, though that mote in its maw was small,
that monster grew sickish at heart, I trow,
and worried the wight. And Jonah aye heard
the huge flood as it lashed the whale's back and its sides.

Author Unknown.

Version of Israel Gollancz.

PEARL

[A fourteenth-century poem; author unknown; modernized by Israel Gollancz. In this poem the author laments the loss of his child, Margaret, a «pearl, fair enow for princes' pleasance,» and relates the vision which he has of her in Paradise.]

PEARL! fair enow for princes' pleasance,
so deftly set in gold so pure,
from orient lands, I durst avouch,—
ne'er saw I a gem its peer,
so round, so comely-shaped withal,
so small, with sides so smooth,—
where'er I judged of radiant gems,
I placed my pearl supreme.

I lost it—in an arbor—alas!
It passed from me through grass to earth.
I pine, despoiled of love's dominion,—
of mine own, my spotless pearl.

Sithence how oft have I tarried there,
where it vanished,—seeking the joy
that whilom scattered all my woe,
and raised so high my bliss!
It doth but pierce my heart with pangs,
and kindle my breast with sorrow;
yet ne'er was heard so sweet a song
as the still hour let steal to me thither.
Ah me! what thoughts stole there to my mind!
To think of my fair one o'erlaid with clay!—

O earth! thou marrest a joyous theme,—
mine own, my spotless pearl. . . .

On a day I entered that arbor green,—
fain would I picture the place in words:
'twas August, the year's high festival,
when the corn is cut with the keen-edged hook;
where my pearl had erewhile rolled adown
was shaded with herbage full beauteous and bright,—
gillyflowers, ginger, and gromwell-seed,
and peonies sprent between.
But fair as was the sight to see,
fairer the fragrance that wafted thence,
where dwelleth that glory, I wot and ween,—
my precious, my spotless pearl.

I gazed on the sight: my hands I clasped;
chill sorrow seized my heart:
wild grief made tumult in my breast,
though reason whispered "peace."
I wailed for my pearl, held fast from me there,—
dread doubt fought hard with doubt,—
though Christ's self shewed whence comfort is,
my will was bondman to woe.
I fell upon that flowery plat;
such fragrance rose to my brain,
that soon I was lulled in a reverie
o'er my precious, my spotless pearl.

My spirit thence sped forth into space,
my body lay there entranced on that mound,
my soul, by grace of God, had fared
in quest of adventure, where marvels be.
I knew not where that region was;
I was borne, iwis, where the cliffs rose sheer;
toward a forest I set my face,
where rocks so radiant were to see,
that none can trow how rich was the light,
the gleaming glory that glinted therefrom,
for never a web by mortal spun
was half so wondrous fair.

The hillsides there were crowned
with crystal cliffs full clear,

and holts and woods, all bright with boles
blue as the blue of Inde,
and trembling leaves, thick on every branch,
as burnished silver shone,—
with shimmering sheen they glistened,
touched by the gleam of the glades,—
and the gravel that rolled upon that strand
was precious orient pearls.
The sun's own light had paled before
that sight so wondrous fair.

'Mid the magic charm of those wondrous hills
my spirit forgot all woe;
fruit there of such rare flavor grew,
'twas food to make one strong:
birds flew there in peace together,
of flaming hues, both small and great;
nor citern-string, nor minstrel,
can tell their joyous glee,
for lo! whene'er they beat their wings,
they sang with sweet accord:
no rapture could so stir a man
as their song and that wondrous sight. . . .

More of such wealth was there withal
than I might tell, though leisure were mine,
for earthly spirit cannot grasp
a tenth part of that fair delight;—
certes methought that paradise
lay those broad banks beyond:
I trowed the stream was some device,—
a lake in the midst of a pleasance;
beyond the brook, by glen or glade,
I trowed to find where the moat was marked:
but the water was deep,—I durst not pass;
and ever I longed still more and more.

More and more, and yet still more
I longed to see beyond that brook;
for if 'twas fair where I passed along,
far fairer was that further land.
I stayed my steps; I gazed about;
I sought full hard to find some ford—
the farther I wended along the strand
the way grew harder, iwis:

no peril methought would make me turn
where such rich treasures were,—
when fresh delights were nigh at hand,
that moved my mind still more and more.

More marvels arose to daunt my soul:
I saw beyond that gladsome mere
a crystal cliff that shone full bright,—
many a noble ray gleamed forth;—
at the foot thereof there sat a child,
a gracious maiden, so debonair;
robed was she in glistening white,—
I knew her well, I had seen her ere.
Radiant as refinèd gold
shone that glory 'neath the cliff;
long I gazed upon her there,—
the longer, I knew her more and more. . .

More than my longing was now my dread;
I stood full still; I durst not call;
with open eyes and fast-closed mouth,
I stood as a well-trained hawk in a hall;
twixt hope that it came for my soul's behoof,
and fear lest perchance it might so befall,
that the prize I chose might escape from me,
ere I held it within my grasp;
when lo! that spotless creature of grace,
so gentle, so small, so winsomely lithe,
riseth up in her royal array,—
a precious thing with pearls bedight.

Favored mortal might there see
choicest pearls of sovereign price,
when all as fresh as a fleur-de-lys
she came adown that bank.
Gleaming white was her tunic rich;
at its sides 'twas open, and wondrously stitched
with the winsomest pearls, I trow full well,
that e'er mine eyes had seen:
broad were the sleeves, I ween and wot,
with double braid of pearls bedecked,
and her bright kirtle followed suit,
with precious pearls bedight.
A crown that maiden wore withal,
bedecked with pearls, with none other stones,

and pinnacled high with pure white pearls,
with figured flowers wrought thereon;
no other gem was on her head;
her hair, too, hung about her neck;
her look was grave, as a duke's or an earl's;
whiter than whalebone was her hue.
Her locks shone then as bright pure gold;
loose on her shoulders so softly they lay;
though deep their color, they needed not
those precious pearls on her robe bedight. . . .

"O Pearl!" quoth I, "with pearls bedight,
art thou my Pearl?—of me so lone
regretted, and through the night bewailed.
Much longing for thee have I borne concealed,
since thou glancedst from me into grass;
pensive, shattered, forlorn, am I,
but thou hast reached a life of joy
in the strifeless home of Paradise.
What chance hath hither brought my jewel,
and me in dolorous plight hath cast?
Since we twain were sundered and set apart,
have I been joyless, so loved I my jewel."

That jewel then, so fair begemmed,
veered up her visage, raised her gray eyes,
set on her crown of orient pearls,
and gently thus she spake:—

"Sir, thou hast misread thy tale,
to say thy pearl is all perdu,
that is in a casket so well bestowed,
yea, in this garden of grace and joy,
herein for ever to dwell and play,
where sin nor mourning come ne'er nigh:
this were thy treasure-hold in sooth,
didst thou love thy jewel aright."

THE WEDDING OF PALE BRONWEN

I

THE wind was waked by the morning light,
And it cried in the gray birch-tree,
And the cry was plain in Bronwen's bower,
"O Bronwen, come to me!"

Pale, pale sleeps Bronwen, pale she wakes:—
"What bird to my bower is flown?
For my lover, Red Ithel, is at the wars
Before Jerusalem town."

But still the wind sang in the tree,—
"Come forth, 'tis your wedding morn,
And you must be wed in Holy Land
Ere your little babe is born."

And still the wind had her true-love's cry,
"Kind Bronwen, come!" until
She could not rest, and rose to look
To the sea beyond Morva Hill.

And afar came the cry over Morva Hill,
"Kind Bronwen, come to me!"
Till she could not stay, for very love,
And stole away to the sea.

She crossed the hill to the fishing-boats,
And away she sailed so fine:
"Is it far, my love, in the summer sun
To the shores of fair Palestine?"

II

There was no sun at sea that day,
To watch pale Bronwen drown;
But the sun was hot on the deadly sands
Before Jerusalem town.

All day Red Ithel lay dying there,
But he thought of the far-off sea;
And he cried all day till his lips grew white,
"Kind Bronwen, come to me!"

And so it passed till the evening time,
And then the sea-wind came,

And he thought he lay on Morva Hill
And heard her call his name.

He heard her voice, he held her hand:—
"This is the day," she said,
"And this is the hour, that Holy Church
Has given for us to wed."

There was no strength in him to speak,
But his eyes had yet their say:—
"Kind Bronwen, now we will be wed
For ever and ever and aye!"

III

Beneath the sea pale Bronwen lies,
Red Ithel beneath the sand;
But they are one in Holy Church,
One in love's Holy Land.

Red Ithel lies by Jerusalem town,
And she in the deep sea lies;
But I trow their little babe was born
In the gardens of Paradise.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE FOLK OF THE AIR

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted weeds
Of the drear Heart Lake.

And he saw how the weeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And he dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard while he sang and dreamed
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,

And Bridget his bride among them,
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him,
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine,
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the folk of the air;
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men,
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,—
The handsomest young man there,—
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll got up from the grass
And scattered the cards with a cry;
But the old men and dancers were gone
As a cloud faded into the sky.

He knew now the folk of the air,
And his heart was blackened by dread,
And he ran to the door of his house:
Old women were keening the dead;

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

FATHER GILLIGAN

THE old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

Once while he nodded on a chair,
At the moth-hour of eve,
Another poor man sent for him,
And he began to grieve.

«I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
For people die and die;»
And after cried he, «God forgive!
My body spake, not I!»

And then, half-lying on the chair,
He knelt, prayed, fell asleep;
And the moth-hour went from the fields,
And stars began to peep.

They slowly into millions grew,
And leaves shook in the wind;
And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind.

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

«*Mavrone, mavrone!* the man has died,
While I slept on the chair;»
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lake and fen;
The sick man's wife opened the door:
«Father! you come again!»—

«And is the poor man dead?» he cried.—
«He died an hour ago.»
The old priest Peter Gilligan
In grief swayed to and fro.—

«When you were gone he turned and died
As merry as a bird.»
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word:—

«He who hath made the night of stars
For souls who tire and bleed,
Sent one of his great angels down
To help me in my need.

«He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in his care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.»

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE SEVEN FIDDLERS

A BLUE robe on their shoulder,
And an ivory bow in hand,
Seven fiddlers came with their fiddles
A-fiddling through the land,
And they fiddled a tune on their fiddles
That none could understand.

For none who heard their fiddling
Might keep his ten toes still:
E'en the cripple threw down his crutches,
And danced against his will;
Young and old they all fell a-dancing,
While the fiddlers fiddled their fill.

They fiddled down to the ferry—
The ferry by Severn-side;
And they stept aboard the ferry,
None else to row or guide,
And deftly steered the pilot,
And stoutly the oars they plied.

Then suddenly in the mid-channel
These fiddlers ceased to row,
And the pilot spake to his fellows
In a tongue that none may know:—
«Let us home to our fathers and brothers,
And the maidens we love below.»

Then the fiddlers seized their fiddles,
And sang to their fiddles a song:—
«We are coming, coming, O brothers,
To the home we have left so long;
For the world still loves the fiddler,
And the fiddler's tune is strong.»

Then they stept from out the ferry
Into the Severn-sea,
Down into the depths of the waters
Where the homes of the fiddlers be,
And the ferry-boat drifted slowly
Forth to the ocean free!

But where those jolly fiddlers
Walked down into the deep,
The ripples are never quiet,
But for ever dance and leap,
Though the Severn-sea be silent,
And the winds be all asleep.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRIDES OF QUAIR

A STILLNESS crept about the house,
At evenfall, in noontide glare;
Upon the silent hills looked forth
The many-windowed House of Quair.

The peacock on the terrace screamed;
Browsed on the lawn the timid hare;
The great trees grew i' the avenue,
Calm by the sheltered House of Quair.

The pool was still; around its brim
The alders sickened all the air;
There came no murmur from the streams,
Though nigh flowed Leithen, Tweed, and Quair.

The days hold on their wonted pace,
And men to court and camp repair,
Their part to fill, of good or ill,
While women keep the House of Quair.

And one is clad in widow's weeds,
And one is maiden-like and fair,

And day by day they seek the paths
About the lonely fields of Quair.

To see the trout leap in the streams,
The summer clouds reflected there,
The maiden loves in pensive dreams
To hang o'er silver Tweed and Quair.

Within, in pall-black velvet clad,
Sits stately in her oaken chair
A stately dame of ancient name—
The Mother of the House of Quair.

Her daughter broiders by her side,
With heavy, drooping golden hair,
And listens to her frequent plaint:—
«Ill fare the Brides that come to Quair.

«For more than one hath lived in pine,
And more than one hath died of care,
And more than one hath sorely sinned,
Left lonely in the House of Quair.

«Alas! and ere thy father died
I had not in his heart a share,
And now—may God forfend her ill—
Thy brother brings his Bride to Quair!»

She came: they kissed her in the hall,
They kissed her on the winding stair,
They led her to her chamber high,
The fairest in the House of Quair.

They bade her from the window look,
And mark the scene how passing fair,
Among whose ways the quiet days
Would linger o'er the wife of Quair.

«'*Tis* fair,» she said on looking forth,
«But what although 'twere bleak and bare»—
She looked the love she did not speak,
And broke the ancient curse of Quair—

«Where'er he dwells, where'er he goes,
His dangers and his toils I share.»
What need be said—she was not one
Of the ill-fated Brides of Quair!

Isa Craig Knox.

GLENLOGIE

THREESCORE o' nobles rade up the king's ha',
But bonnie Glenlogie's the flower of them a',
Wi' his milk-white steed and his bonny black e'e:
«Glenlogie, dear mither, Glenlogie for me!»

«O haud your tongue, daughter, ye'll get better than he.»—
«O say nae sae, mither, for that canna be:
Though Doumlie is richer and greater than he,
Yet if I maun tak him, I'll certainly dee.—

«Where will I get a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie, and come again soon?»—
«O here am I a bonnie boy, to win hose and shoon,
Will gae to Glenlogie and come again soon.»

When he gaed to Glenlogie, 'twas «wash and go dine»;
'Twas «wash ye, my pretty boy, wash and go dine.»—
«O 'twas ne'er my father's fashion, and it ne'er shall be mine,
To gar a lady's hasty errand wait till I dine;

«But there is, Glenlogie, a letter for thee.»
The first line that he read, a low smile gave he;
The next line that he read, the tear blindit his e'e;
But the last line that he read, he gart the table flee.

«Gar saddle the black horse, gar saddle the brown;
Gar saddle the swiftest steed e'er rade frae a town:»
But lang ere the horse was drawn and brought to the green,
O bonnie Glenlogie was twa mile his lane.

When he came to Glenfeldy's door, little mirth was there;
Bonnie Jean's mother was tearing her hair:
«Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, ye're welcome,» said she,
«Ye're welcome, Glenlogie, your Jeanie to see.»

Pale and wan was she when Glenlogie gaed ben,
But red and rosy grew she whene'er he sat down;
She turned awa' her head, but the smile was in her e'e:
«O binna feard, mither, I'll maybe no dee.»

SCOTTISH MINSTRELSY.

BINNORIE

THERE were twa sisters sat in a bower;
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A knight came there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexèd sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And sair envied her sister fair—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Upon a morning fair and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie:—

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And let's go down to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie."

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And down they went to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And ye sall be heir o' half my land"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O sister, reach me but your glove!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"And sweet William sall be your love"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Out then cam' the miller's son
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

"O father, father, draw your dam!"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There's either a mermaid or a swan"—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And there he found a drowned woman,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma'
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
There went a gowden girdle sma'—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers, lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpèd to nobles when they dine—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sighed and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)

And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
«Fareweel, my father and mither dear!»—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas «Fareweel, sweetheart!» said the string—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then, as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
«There sits my sister who drownèd me!»—
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Author Unknown.

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

THERE lived a wife at Usher's Well,
And a wealthy wife was she;
She had three stout and stalwart sons,
And sent them o'er the sea.

They hadna been a week from her,
A week but barely ane,
When word came to the carline wife
That her three sons were gane.

They had not been a week from her,
A week but barely three,
When word came to the carline wife
That her sons she'd never see.

«I wish the wind may never cease,
Nor fishes in the flood,
Till my three sons come hame to me
In earthly flesh and blood!»

It fell about the Martinmas,
When nights are lang and mirk,
The carline wife's three sons came hame,
And their hats were o' the birk.

It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheugh;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneugh.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!
Bring water from the well!
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my three sons are well!"

And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide:
And she's ta'en her mantle her about;
Sat down at the bedside.

Up then crew the red, red cock,
And up and crew the gray:
The eldest to the youngest said,
"'Tis time we were away!"

The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
"Brother, we must awa'.

"The cock doth craw, the day doth daw
The channerin' worm doth chide:
If we be miss'd out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"Fare ye well, my mother dear!
Farewell to barn and byre!
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire!"

Author Unknown.

LORD LOVEL

LORD LOVEL he stood at his castle-gate,
Combing his milk-white steed;
When up came Lady Nancy Belle,
To wish her lover good speed, speed,
To wish her lover good speed.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.—
"I'm going, my Lady Nancy Belle,
Strange countries for to see, to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said;
"Oh! when will you come back?" said she.—
"In a year or two — or three, at the most,
I'll return to my fair Nancy-cy,
I'll return to my fair Nancy."

But he had not been gone a year and a day,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his head,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see, see,
Lady Nancy Belle he would go see.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town;
And there he heard St. Pancras's bells,
And the people all mourning round, round,
And the people all mourning round.

"Oh! what is the matter?" Lord Lovel he said;
"Oh! what is the matter?" said he.—
"A lord's lady is dead," a woman replied,
"And some call her Lady Nancy-cy,
And some call her Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud he turnèd down;
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trickling down, down,
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;

Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

Lady Nancy was laid in St. Pancras's church,
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir;
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a brier, brier,
And out of her lover's a brier.

They grew, and they grew, to the church-steeple top,
And then they could grow no higher:
So there they entwined in a true-lovers' knot,
For all lovers true to admire-mire,
For all lovers true to admire.

Author Unknown.

BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY

In Scarlet towne, where I was borne,
There was a faire maid dwellin,
Made every youth crye, Wel-awaye!
Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merrye month of May,
When greene buds they were swellin,
Yong Jemmye Grove on his death-bed lay,
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,
To the towne where shee was dwellin:—
"You must come to my master deare,
Giff your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,
And ore his hart is stealin:
Then haste away to comfort him,
O lovelye Barbara Allen."—

"Though death be printed on his face,
And ore his harte is stealin,
Yet little better shall he bee
For bonny Barbara Allen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;

And all she sayd, when there she came—
"Yong man, I think y'are dying."

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing:—
"O lovely maid, come pity mee,
I'me on my death-bed lying."—

"If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin?
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell," sayd Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
"Laye down, laye down the corps," she sayd,
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eye she lookèd downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin,
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
"Unworthye Barbara Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe:—
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

"Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who lovèd me so dearlye:
Oh that I had been more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!"

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the daye
That she did ere denye him.

"Farewell," she sayd, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

Author Unknown.

THE LAST HUNT

OH, IT'S twenty gallant gentlemen
Rode out to hunt the deer,
With mirth upon the silver horn
And gleam upon the spear;
They galloped through the meadow-grass,
They sought the forest's gloom,
And loudest rang Sir Morven's laugh,
And lightest tost his plume.
There's no delight by day or night
Like hunting in the morn;
So busk ye, gallant gentlemen,
And sound the silver horn!

They rode into the dark greenwood
By ferny dell and glade,
And now and then upon their cloaks
The yellow sunshine played;
They heard the timid forest-birds
Break off amid their glee,
They saw the startled leveret,
But not a stag did see.
Wind, wind the horn, on summer morn!
Though ne'er a buck appear,
There's health for horse and gentleman
A-hunting of the deer!

They panted up Ben Lomond's side
Where thick the leafage grew,
And when they bent the branches back
The sunbeams darted through:
Sir Morven in his saddle turned,
And to his comrades spake—
"Now quiet! we shall find a stag
Beside the Brownies' Lake."

Then sound not on the bugle-horn,
Bend bush and do not break,
Lest ye should start the timid hart
A-drinking at the lake.

Now they have reached the Brownies' Lake,—
A blue eye in the wood,—
And on its brink a moment's space
All motionless they stood;
When suddenly the silence broke
With fifty bowstrings' twang,
And hurtling through the drowsy air
Full fifty arrows sang.
Ah, better for those gentlemen
Than horn and slender spear,
Were morion and buckler true,
A-hunting of the deer.

Not one of that brave company
Shall hunt the deer again:
Some fell beside the Brownies' Pool,
Some dropt in dell or glen;
An arrow pierced Sir Morven's breast,
His horse plunged in the lake,
And swimming to the farther bank
He left a bloody wake.
Ah, what avails the silver horn,
And what the slender spear?
There's other quarry in the wood
Beside the fallow deer!

O'er ridge and hollow sped the horse,
Besprent with blood and foam,
Nor slackened pace until at eve
He brought his master home.
How tenderly the Lady Ruth
The cruel dart withdrew!
"False Tirrell shot the bolt," she said,
"That my Sir Morven slew!"
Deep in the forest lurks the foe,
While gayly shines the morn;
Hang up the broken spear, and blow
A dirge upon the horn.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE RED FISHERMAN

or

The Devil's Decoy

«O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!»
—'Romeo and Juliet.'

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,—
He had swayed the crozier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery
About as much, in sooth,

As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.

He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread:
And nearer he came, and still more near,
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river-stream it spread away
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul,
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;

The water was as dark and rank
As ever a Company pumped,
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped;
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy,
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree;
When suddenly rose a dismal tone,—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?—
"O ho! O ho!
Above — below —
Lightly and brightly they glide and go!
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"—
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled Priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey-clock struck one!

All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod:
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.

It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double,
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shriveled that tawny skin
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn as you looked on them,
He had fished in the Flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly,—
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye:
Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about
By a chain within and a chain without;
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth
Strange and varied sounds had birth:
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon-stone;

Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!—

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder
When he saw a gasping Knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain—
The cruel Duke of Gloster!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell:
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.
Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a reveling company,—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife and thrust of fork:
But where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!—
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat;
And the Priest was ready to vomit
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
«A capital stew,» the Fisherman said,
«With cinnamon and sherry!»
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

It was a bundle of beautiful things,—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,—
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:—
"Smile, Lady, smile!—I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, Lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, Lady, smile! for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.
"Ah ha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before;"
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,—
The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside:

A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook,
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die;
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the senses and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still;—
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance:
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"O ho! O ho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line:
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The Abbot had preached for many years
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs,

Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the King himself three-quarters:
But ever from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry;
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

A FOLK-SONG

THE MARINE

(*Poitevin*)

THE bold Marine comes back from war,
All so kind;
The bold Marine comes back from war,
So kind:
With a raggety coat and a worn-out shoe.
"Now, poor Marine, say, whence come you,
All so kind?"—

"I travel back from the war, madame,
All so kind;
I travel back from the war, madame,
So kind:
For a glass of wine and a bowl of whey
'Tis I who will sing you a ballad gay,
All so kind."

The bold Marine he sips his whey,
All so kind;
He sips and he sings his ballad gay,
So kind:
But the dame she turns her against the wall,
For to wipe her tears that fall and fall,
All so kind.

"What aileth you at my song, madame,
All so kind?

I hope that I sing no wrong, madame,
So kind:
Or grieves it you that a beggar should dine
On a bowl of whey and this good white wine,
All so kind?"—

"It ails me not at your ballad gay,
All so kind;
It ails not for the wine and whey,
So kind:
But it ails me sore at the voice and eyes
Of a good man long in Paradise,
All so kind."

"You have fair children five, madame,
All so kind;
You have fair children five, madame,
So kind:
Your good man left you children three—
Whence came these twain for company,
All so kind?"—

"A letter came from the war, Marine,
All so kind;
A letter came from the war, Marine,
So kind:
For a while I wept for the good man dead,
But another good man in a while I wed,
All so kind."

The bold Marine he drained his glass,
All so kind;
The bold Marine he drained his glass,
So kind:
He said not a word, though the tears they flowed,
But back to his regiment took the road,
All so kind.

Q.

'Chants et Chansons Populaires des Provinces de l'Ouest.'

THE STORY OF KARIN

KARIN the fair, Karin the gay,
She came on the morn of her bridal day,—

She came to the mill-pond clear and bright,
And viewed hersel' in the morning light.

«And oh,» she cried, «that my bonny brow
May ever be white and smooth as now!

«And oh, my hair, that I love to braid,
Be yellow in sunshine, and brown in shade!

«And oh, my waist, sae slender and fine,
May it never need girdle longer than mine!»

She lingered and laughed o'er the waters clear,
When sudden she starts, and shrieks in fear:—

«Oh, what is this face, sae laidly old,
That looks at my side in the waters cold?»

She turns around to view the bank,
And the osier willows dark and dank;—

And from the fern she sees arise
An aged crone wi' awesome eyes.

«Ha! ha!» she laughed, «ye're a bonny bride!
See how ye'll fare gin the New Year tide!

«Ye'll wear a robe sae blithely gran',
An ell-long girdle canna span.

«When twal-months three shall pass away,
Your berry-brown hair shall be streaked wi' gray.

«And gin ye be mither of bairnies nine,
Your brow shall be wrinkled and dark as mine.»

Karin she sprang to her feet wi' speed,
And clapped her hands abune her head:—

«I pray to the saints and spirits all,
That never a child may me mither call!»

The crone drew near, and the crone she spake:—
«Nine times flesh and banes shall ache.

«Laidly and awesome ye shall wane
Wi' toil, and care, and travail-pain.»

"Better," said Karin, "lay me low,
And sink for aye in the water's flow!"

The crone raised her withered hand on high,
And showed her a tree that stood near by.

"And take of the bonny fruit," she said,
"And eat till the seeds are dark and red.

"Count them less, or count them more,
Nine times you shall number o'er;—

"And when each number you shall speak,
Cast seed by seed into the lake."

Karin she ate of the fruit sae fine;
'Twas mellow as sand, and sweet as brine.

Seed by seed she let them fall:
The waters rippled over all.

But ilka seed as Karin threw,
Uprose a bubble to her view,—

Uprose a sigh from out the lake,—
As though a baby's heart did break.

. . . . . .

Twice nine years are come and gone;
Karin the fair she walks her lone.

She sees around on ilka side,
Maiden and mither, wife and bride.

Wan and pale her bonny brow,
Sunken and sad her eyelids now.

Slow her step, and heavy her breast,
And never an arm whereon to rest.

The old kirk-porch when Karin spied,
The postern-door was open wide.

"Wae's me!" she said: "I'll enter in
And shrive me from my every sin."

'Twas silence all within the kirk;
The aisle was empty, chill, and mirk.

The chancel-rails were black and bare;
Nae priest, nae penitent, was there.

Karin knelt, and her prayer she said;
But her heart within her was heavy and dead.

Her prayer fell back on the cold gray stone;
It would not rise to heaven alone.

Darker grew the darksome aisle,
Colder felt her heart the while.

«Wae's me!» she cried, «what is my sin?
Never I wrongèd kith nor kin.

«But why do I start and quake wi' fear
Lest I a dreadful doom should hear?

«And what is this light that seems to fall
On the sixth command upon the wall?

«And who are these I see arise
And look on me wi' stony eyes?

«A shadowy troop, they flock sae fast
The kirk-yard may not hold the last.

«Young and old of ilk degree,
Bairns, and bairnies' bairns, I see.

«All I look on either way,
'Mother, mother!' seem to say.

«'We are souls that might have been,
But for your vanity and sin.

«'We, in numbers multiplied,
Might have lived, and loved, and died,—

«'Might have served the Lord in this,—
Might have met thy soul in bliss.

«'Mourn for us, then, while you pray,
Who might have been, but never may!'»

Thus the voices died away,—
«Might have been, but never may!»

Karin she left the kirk no more;
Never she passed the postern-door.

They found her dead at the vesper toll;—
May Heaven in mercy rest her soul!

Danish.

THE MERMAN

"DO THOU, dear mother, contrive amain
How Marsk Stig's daughter I may gain."

She made him, of water, a noble steed,
Whose trappings were formed from rush and reed.

To a young knight changed she then her son;
To Mary's church at full speed he's gone.

His foaming horse to the gate he bound,
And paced the church full three times round.

When in he walked with his plume on high,
The dead men gave from their tombs a sigh;

The priest heard that, and he closed his book—
"Methinks yon knight has a strange wild look."

Then laughed the maiden beneath her sleeve:
"If he were my husband I should not grieve."

He stepped over benches one and two:
"O Marsk Stig's daughter, I doat on you."

He stepped over benches two and three:
"O Marsk Stig's daughter, come home with me."

Then said the maid without more ado,—
"Here, take my troth — I will go with you."

They went from the church a bridal train,
And danced so gayly across the plain;

They danced till they came to the strand, and then
They were forsaken by maids and men.

"Now, Marsk Stig's daughter, sit down and rest:
To build a boat I will do my best."

He built a boat of the whitest sand,
And away they went from the smiling land;

But when they had crossed the ninth green wave,
Down sunk the boat to the ocean cave!

I caution ye, maids, as well as I can,
Ne'er give your troth to an unknown man.

Translation of George Borrow. *Danish.*

THE LEGEND OF WALBACH TOWER

[Scene: Fort Constitution, on the island of Newcastle, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire,—Colonel Walbach commanding. Period, the fall of 1813.]

MORE ill at ease was never man than Walbach, that Lord's day,
When, spent with speed, a trawler cried, "A war-ship heads this way!"

His pipe, half filled, to shatters flew; he climbed the ridge of knolls,
And turning spy-glass toward the east, swept the long reach of Shoals.

An hour he watched: behind his back the Portsmouth spires waxed red;
Its harbor like a field of war, a brazen shield o'erhead.

Another hour: the sundown gun the Sabbath stillness brake;
When loud a second voice hallooed, "Two war-ships hither make!"

Again the colonel scanned the east, where soon white gleams arose:
Behind Star Isle they first appeared, then flashed o'er Smuttynose.

Fleet-winged they left Duck Isle astern; when, rounding full in view,
Lo! in the face of Appledore three Britishers hove to.

"To arms, O townsfolk!" Walbach cried. "Behold these black hawk three!
Whether they pluck old Portsmouth town rests now with you and me.

"The guns of Kittery, and mine, may keep the channel clear,
If but one pintle-stone be raised to ward me in the rear.

"But scarce a score my muster-roll; the earthworks lie unmanned;
(Whereof some mouthing spy, no doubt, has made them understand;)

"And if, ere dawn, their long-boat keels once kiss the nether sands,
My every port-hole's mouth is stopped, and we be in their hands!"

Then straightway from his place upspake the parson of the town:
"Let us beseech Heaven's blessing first!"—and all the folk knelt down.

"O God, our hands are few and faint; our hope rests all with thee:
Lend us thy hand in this sore strait,—and thine the glory be."

"Amen! Amen!" the chorus rose; "Amen!" the pines replied;
And through the church-yard's rustling grass an "Amen" softly sighed.

Astir the village was awhile, with hoof and iron clang;
Then all grew still, save where, aloft, a hundred trowels rang.

None supped, they say, that Lord's-day eve; none slept, they say, that night:
But all night long, with tireless arms, each toiled as best he might.

Four flax-haired boys of Amazeen the flickering torches stay,
Peopling with Titan shadow-groups the canopy of gray;

Grandsires, with frost above their brows, the steaming mortar mix;
Dame Tarlton's apron, crisp at dawn, helps hod the yellow bricks;

While pilot, cooper, mackerelman, parson and squire as well,
Make haste to plant the pintle-gun, and raise its citadel.

And one who wrought still tells the tale, that as his task he plied,
An unseen fellow-form he felt that labored at his side;

And still to wondering ears relates, that as each brick was squared,
Lo! unseen trowels clinked response, and a new course prepared.

O night of nights! The blinking dawn beheld the marvel done,
And from the new martello boomed the echoing morning gun.

One stormy cloud its lips upblew; and as its thunder rolled,
Old England saw, above the smoke, New England's flag unfold.

Then, slowly tacking to and fro, more near the cruisers made,
To see what force unheralded had flown to Walbach's aid.

"God be our stay," the parson cried, "who hearkened Israel's wail!"
And as he spake,—all in a line, seaward the ships set sail.

GEORGE HOUGHTON.

THE PIPER OF GIJÓN

"Now the dancers take their places;
But the piper, where is he?"
"He is burying his mother,
But he'll be here presently."—
"And will he come?"—What can he do?
See him now, to duty true,
With his pipes; but ah, how heavy
A heart he carries is only known
To the piper,
To the piper of Gijón!

When he thinks how desolate
A hearth awaits now his return,
Tears like molten lead his bosom,
In secret overflowing, burn.
But his brothers must be fed;
His the hands must earn their bread:
So his merry tunes, though joy
From his life for aye be gone,
Plays the piper,
Plays the piper of Gijón.

In all the western land was never
Mother held than his more dear;
And now the grave has closed above her,
Parting them forever here.
While he pipes his merry strain,
Sobs he seeks to still in vain
With it mingle, fierce and bitter,
Like the wounded lion's groan.
Hapless piper!
Hapless piper of Gijón!

"Faster!" cry the eager dancers;
"Faster!" Faster still he plays;
Beneath a smiling face his anguish
To hide, though vainly, he essays.
And seeing him pipe gayly thus,
While flow his tears, as Zoïlus
Blind Homer once, some pitiless
Mock the aspect woebegone
Of the piper,
Of the piper of Gijón.

"Ah," he cries, with bosom heaving,
"Mother, mother, how a sigh
Relieves the breast with anguish laden,"
While he pipes on merrily;
For in his breast the voice he hears,
Now stilled in death, that on his ears
Fell sweetest, that shall ever echo
In the heart, a benison,
Of the piper,
Of the piper of Gijón.

How many another, too, concealing
Beneath a smiling countenance

His unshared agony, pipes gayly
That others to his strains may dance.
So does the poet with his song
Rejoice the world, while he among
Its merry masquers sits apart,
In spirit and in heart alone,
Like the piper,
Like the piper of Gijón.

RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR (Spanish).

Translation of Mary J. Serrano.

OJISTOH

I AM Ojistoh, I am she, the wife
Of him whose name breathes bravery and life
And courage to the tribe that calls him chief.
I am Ojistoh, his white star, and he
Is land and lake and sky—and soul, to me.
Ah! but they hated him, those Huron braves,
Him who had flung their warriors into graves,
Him who had crushed them underneath his heel,
Whose arm was iron, and whose heart was steel
To all—save me, Ojistoh, chosen wife
Of my great Mohawk, white star of his life.

Ah! but they hated him, and counciled long
With subtle witchcraft how to work him wrong;
How to avenge their dead, and strike him where
His pride was highest, and his fame most fair.
Their hearts grew weak as women at his name;
They dared no war-path since my Mohawk came
With ashen bow and flinten arrow-head
To pierce their craven bodies; but their dead
Must be avenged. Avenged? They dared not walk
In day and meet his deadly tomahawk;
They dared not face his fearless scalping-knife:
So—Niyoh!*—then they thought of me, his wife.

Oh! evil, evil face of them they sent
With evil Huron speech: "Would I consent

*God, in the Mohawk language.

To take of wealth? be queen of all their tribe?
Have wampum ermine?» Back I flung the bribe
Into their teeth, and said, «While I have life,
Know this,— Ojistoh is the Mohawk's wife.»

Wah! how we struggled! But their arms were strong.
They flung me on their pony's back, with thong
Round ankle, wrist, and shoulder. Then upleapt
The one I hated most; his eye he swept
Over my misery, and sneering said,
«Thus, fair Ojistoh, we avenge our dead.»

And we two rode, rode as a sea wind-chased,
I, bound with buckskin to his hated waist,
He, sneering, laughing, jeering, while he lashed
The horse to foam, as on and on we dashed.
Plunging through creek and river, bush and trail,
On, on we galloped, like a northern gale.
At last, his distant Huron fires aflame
We saw, and nearer, nearer still we came.

I, bound behind him in the captive's place,
Scarcely could see the outline of his face.
I smiled, and laid my cheek against his back:—
«Loose thou my hands,» I said. «This pace let slack.
Forget we now that thou and I are foes.
I like thee well, and wish to clasp thee close;
I like the courage of thine eye and brow;
I like thee better than my Mohawk now.»

He cut the cords; we ceased our maddened haste.
I wound my arms about his tawny waist;
My hand crept up the buckskin of his belt;
His knife hilt in my burning palm I felt;
One hand caressed his cheek, the other drew
The weapon softly—«I love you, love you,»
I whispered, «love you as my life;»
And—buried in his back his scalping knife.

Ha! how I rode, rode as a sea wind-chased,
Mad with my sudden freedom, mad with haste,
Back to my Mohawk and my home; I lashed
That horse to foam, as on and on I dashed.
Plunging through creek and river, bush and trail,
On, on I galloped like a northern gale.

And then my distant Mohawk's fires aflame
I saw, as nearer, nearer still I came,
My hands all wet, stained with a life's red dye,
But pure my soul, pure as those stars on high—
"My Mohawk's pure white star, Ojistoh, still am I."

E. Pauline Johnson ("Tekahionwake").

BOS'N HILL

The wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill,
Far off is heard the ocean's note;
Low overhead the gulls scream shrill,
And homeward scuds each little boat.

Then the dead Bos'n wakes in glee
To hear the storm king's song;
And from the top of mast-pine tree
He blows his whistle loud and long.

The village sailors hear the call,
Lips pale and eyes grow dim:
Well know they, though he pipes them all,
He means but one shall answer him.

He pipes the dead up from their graves,
Whose bones the tansy hides;
He pipes the dead beneath the waves,—
They hear and cleave the rising tides.

But sailors know when next they sail
Beyond the Hilltop's view,
There's one amongst them shall not fail
To join the Bos'n Crew.

John Albee.

PETER RUGG THE BOSTONIAN

I

THE mare is pawing by the oak,
The chaise is cool and wide
For Peter Rugg the Bostonian
With his little son beside;
The women loiter at the wheels
In the pleasant summer-tide.

"And when wilt thou be home, father?"
"And when, good husband, say:
The cloud hangs heavy on the house
What time thou art away."
He answers straight, he answers short,
"At noon of the seventh day."—

"Fail not to come, if God so will,
And the weather be kind and clear."—
"Farewell, farewell! But who am I
A blockhead rain to fear?
God willing or God unwilling,
I have said it, I will be here."

He gathers up the sunburnt boy,
And from the gate is sped;
He shakes the spark from the stones below,
The bloom from overhead,
Till the last roofs of his own town
Pass in the morning-red.

Upon a homely mission
North unto York he goes,
Through the long highway broidered thick
With elder-blow and rose;
And sleeps in sound of breakers
At every twilight's close.

Intense upon his heedless head
Frowns Agamenticus,
Knowing of Heaven's challenger
The answer: even thus
The Patience that is hid on high
Doth stoop to master us.

II

Full light are all his parting dreams;
Desire is in his brain;
He tightens at the tavern-post
The fiery creature's rein.
"Now eat thine apple, six-years child!
We face for home again."

They had not gone a many mile
With nimble heart and tongue,
When the lone thrush grew silent
The walnut woods among;
And on the lulled horizon
A premonition hung.

The babes at Hampton schoolhouse,
The wife with lads at sea,
Search with a level lifted hand
The distance bodingly;
And farmer folk bid pilgrims in
Under a safe roof-tree.

The mowers mark by Newbury
How low the swallows fly;
They glance across the southern roads
All white and fever-dry,
And the river, anxious at the bend,
Beneath a thinking sky.

But there is one abroad was born
To disbelieve and dare:
Along the highway furiously
He cuts the purple air.
The wind leaps on the startled world
As hounds upon a hare;

With brawl and glare and shudder ope
The sluices of the storm:
The woods break down, the sand upblows
In blinding volleys warm;
The yellow floods in frantic surge
Familiar fields deform.

From evening until morning
His skill will not avail,

And as he cheers his youngest born,
His cheek is spectre-pale;
For the bonnie mare from courses known
Has drifted like a sail!

III

On some wild crag he sees the dawn
Unsheathe her scimiter.
«Oh, if it be my mother-earth
And not a foreign star,
Tell me the way to Boston,
And is it near or far?»

One watchman lifts his lamp and laughs:
«Ye've many a league to wend.»
The next doth bless the sleeping boy
From his mad father's end;
A third upon a drawbridge growls,
«Bear ye to larboard, friend.»

Forward and backward, like a stone
The tides have in their hold,
He dashes east, and then distraught
Darts west as he is told.
(Peter Rugg the Bostonian,
That knew the land of old!)

And journeying, and resting scarce
A melancholy space,
Turns to and fro, and round and round,
The frenzy in his face,
And ends alway in angrier mood,
And in a stranger place:

Lost! lost in bayberry thickets
Where Plymouth plovers run,
And where the masts of Salem
Look lordly in the sun;
Lost in the Concord vale, and lost
By rocky Wollaston!

Small thanks have they that guide him,
Awed and aware of blight;
To hear him shriek denial,
It sickens them with fright:—
«They lied to me a month ago
With thy same lie to-night!»

To-night, to-night, as nights succeed,
He swears at home to bide,
Until, pursued with laughter
Or fled as soon as spied,
The weather-drenchèd man is known
Over the country-side!

IV

The seventh noon's a memory,
And autumn's closing in;
The quince is fragrant on the bough,
And barley chokes the bin.
"O Boston, Boston, Boston!
And O my kith and kin!"

The snow climbs o'er the pasture wall,
It crackles 'neath the moon;
And now the rustic sows the seed,
Damp in his heavy shoon;
And now the building jays are loud
In canopies of June.

For season after season
The three are whirled along,
Misled by every instinct
Of light, or scent, or song;
Yea, put them on the surest trail,
The trail is in the wrong.

Upon those wheels in any path
The rain will follow loud,
And he who meets that ghostly man
Will meet a thunder-cloud,
And whosoever speaks with him
May next bespeak his shroud.

Though nigh two hundred years have gone,
Doth Peter Rugg the more
A gentle answer and a true
Of living lips implore:—
"Oh, show me to my own town,
And to my open door!"

V

Where shall he see his own town,
Once dear unto his feet?

The psalms, the tankard to the king,
The beacon's cliffy seat,
The gabled neighborhood, the stocks
Set in the middle street?

How shall he know his own town
If now he clatters through?
Much men and cities change that have
Another love to woo;
And things occult, incredible,
They find to think and do.

With such new wonders since he went
A broader gossip copes;
Across the crowded triple hills,
And up the harbor slopes,
Tradition's self for him no more
Remembers, watches, hopes.

But ye, O unborn children!
(For many a race must thrive
And drip away like icicles
Ere Peter Rugg arrive,)
If of a sudden to your ears
His plaint is blown alive;

If nigh the city, folding in
A little lad that cries,
A wet and weary traveler
Shall fix you with his eyes,
And from the crazy carriage lean
To spend his heart in sighs:—

"That I may enter Boston,
Oh, help it to befall!
There would no fear encompass me,
No evil craft appall:
Ah, but to be in Boston,
GOD WILLING, after all!"—

Ye children, tremble not, but go
And lift his bridle brave
In the one Name, the dread Name,
That doth forgive and save,
And lead him home to Copp's Hill ground,
And to his fathers' grave.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TÀN*

A. D. 1587

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I

THE home-bound ships stood out to sea,
And on the island's marge
Sir Richard waited restlessly
To step into the barge.

"The Governor tarrieth long," he chode,
"As he were loath to go:
With food before and want behind,
There should be haste, I trow."

Even as he spake the Governor came:—
"Nay, fret not, for the men
Have held me back with frantic let,
To have them home again.

"The women weep:—'Ay, ay, the ships
Will come again (he saith)
Before the May;—before the May
We shall have starved to death!'

"I've sworn return by God's dear leave,
I've vowed by Court and Crown,
Nor yet appeased them. Comrade, thou,
Mayhap, canst soothe them down."

Sir Richard loosed his helm, and stretched
Impatient hands abroad:—
"Have ye no trust in man?" he cried,
"Have ye no faith in God?

"Your Governor goes, as needs he must,
To bear through royal grace,
Hither, such food-supply that want
May never blench a face.

"Of freest choice ye willed to leave
Whatso ye had of ease;

* The first English colony was sent to America by Sir Walter Raleigh under the auspices of Sir Richard Grenville. The settlement was made on Roanoke Island in Albemarle Sound.

For neither stress of liege nor law
Hath forced you over seas.

"Your Governor leaves fair hostages
As costliest pledge of care,—
His daughter yonder, and her child,
The child Virginia Dare.*

"Come hither, little sweetheart! So!
Thou'lt be the first, I ween,
To bend the knee, and send through me
Thy birthland's virgin fealty
Unto its Virgin Queen.

"And now, good folk, for my commands:
If ye are fain to roam
Beyond this island's narrow bounds,
To seek elsewhere a home,—

"Upon some pine-tree's smoothen trunk
Score deep the Indian name
Of tribe or village where ye haunt,
That we may read the same.

"And if ye leave your haven here
Through dire distress or loss,
Cut deep within the wood above
The symbol of the cross.

"And now on my good blade, I swear,
And seal it with this sign,
That if the fleet that sails to-day
Return not hither by the May,
The fault shall not be mine!"

II

The breath of spring was on the sea;
Anon the Governor stepped
His good ship's deck right merrily,—
His promise had been kept.

"See, see! the coast-line comes in view!"
He heard the mariners shout,—
"We'll drop our anchors in the Sound
Before a star is out!"

*Virginia Dare, the granddaughter of Governor Whyte, was the first English child born in America.

"Now God be praised!" he inly breathed,
"Who saves from all that harms:
The morrow morn my pretty ones
Will rest within my arms."

At dawn of day they moored their ships,
And dared the breakers' roar:
What meant it? Not a man was there
To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabins rude:
The quick green sedge had thrown
Its knotted web o'er every door,
And climbed the chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter's leaves,
And feebly gurgled on;
And from the pathway, strewn with rack,
All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrid the matted grass,
If there, perchance, a mound
Unseen might heave the broken turf;
But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,
If haply in despair
They might have strayed into its glade,
But found no vestige there.

"The pine! the pine!" the Governor groaned;
And there each staring man
Read in a maze, one single word,
Deep carven,—CRO-A-TÀN!

But cut above, no cross, no sign,
No symbol of distress;
Naught else beside that mystic line
Within the wilderness!

And where and what was "Cro-a-tàn"?
But not an answer came;
And none of all who read it there
Had ever heard the name.

The Governor drew his jerkin sleeve
Across his misty eyes:
"Some land, may be, of savagery
Beyond the coast that lies;

"And skulking there the wily foe
In ambush may have lain:
God's mercy! Could such sweetest heads
Lie scalped among the slain?

"O daughter! daughter! with the thought
My harrowed brain is wild!
Up with the anchors! I must find
The mother and the child!"

They scoured the mainland near and far:
The search no tidings brought;
Till 'mid a forest's dusky tribe
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts
Of corn and slaughtered deer:
What room for savage treachery
Or foul suspicion here?

Unhindered of a chief or brave,
They searched the wigwam through;
But neither lance nor helm nor spear,
Nor shred of child's nor woman's gear,
Could furnish forth a clue.

How could a hundred souls be caught
Straight out of life, nor find
Device through which to mark their fate,
Or leave some hint behind?

Had winter's ocean inland rolled
An eagre's deadly spray,
That overwhelmed the island's breadth,
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search!
No tidings reached them more;
No record save that silent word
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,
Unsolved of mortal man:
Sphinx-like untold, the ages hold
The tale of CRO-A-TÀN!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

POEMS FROM ORIENTAL LANGUAGES

IT IS ALL ONE IN THE TURKISH

(*Turkish*)

I MEDDLE with the Future none; I travel not into the Farness,
And, for all vain desires of mine, still vainer world, I hand them over t'ye:
I sometimes carve, but mostly starve; *some scoundrel owns my horse and harness:*
I am, *Ya Hu*, the Sultan of the pillaged Realm of Rags and Poverty.
I work, or don't: all's one, that's clear; when once I am bowstrung, shot, or sabred,
I'll sleep as soundly, never fear, as though I had ne'er done aught but labored.

By SHERMIDEDEDEH, Grand Fakir (King of the Beggars).
Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

PERSIAN EPIGRAMS

(Fourteenth Century)

NAUGHT, I hear thee say,
Can fill the greedy eye;
Yet a little clay
Will fill it by-and-by.

THY thoughts are but Silver when told:
Locked up in thy breast they are Gold.

THE steed to the man who bestrides it newly,
The sabre to him who best can wield it,
The damsel to him who has wooed her truly,
And the province to him who refuses to yield it.

AN HOUR of Good, a day of Ill,
This is the lot of mourning Man,
Who leaves the world whene'er he will,
But goes to Heaven whene'er he — can.

TOUCH all that falls under thine eyes;
And beware
That thou buy not thy bird while he flies
In the air.

DEAD SEA FRUIT

(*Turkish* — Fifteenth Century)

TRUST not the World or Time,—they are liar-mates;
YA HU!*
Wealth borrows wings and woman goes her way:
YA HU!
Into the old house with the ebon gates†
YA HU!
Who enters is but guest and must not stay.
YA HU!
Look not upon the sun, for that shall die;
YA HU!
Love not the roses, for they must decay:
YA HU!
The child is caught by all that dupes the eye;
YA HU!
The man should gird his loins,—he cannot stay!
YA HU!
From moon to moon Time rolleth as a river;
YA HU!
Though night will soon o'erdark thy life's last ray,
YA HU!
Earth is the prison of the True Believer,
YA HU!
And who in prison stipulates to stay?
YA HU!
Up, dreamer, up! What takest Life to be?
YA HU!
Are centuries not made of night and day?
YA HU!
Call now on God while he will list to thee!
YA HU!
The Caravan moves on; it will not stay!
YA HU!
Remember Him whom Heaven and Earth adore!
YA HU!
Fast, and deny thyself; give alms and pray:
YA HU!

* This refrain is the cry of the Howling Dervishes.

† The world, which we enter by the gate of Non-Existence, and depart from by that of Death.

Thy bark drifts hourly towards the Phantom-shore,
YA HU!
The sails are up, the vessel will not stay!
YA HU!
As yet the Accusing Scroll is incomplete;
YA HU!
But Scales and Bridge* maintain their dread array;
YA HU!
Now art thou here, *now* at the Judgment-Seat!
YA HU!
For death and justice brook not long delay!
YA HU!
Oh, trust Hudayi! he alone from birth
YA HU!
Is guided by the Guardian Four alway;†
YA HU!
He is alone the friend of God on earth,
YA HU!
Who visits earth, but doth not sigh to stay,
YA HU!

HUDAYI II., OF ANATOLIA.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO SULTAN MURAD II.

(*Turkish*)

EARTH sees in thee
Her Destiny:‡
Thou standest as the Pole—and she
Resembles
The Needle, for she turns to thee,
And trembles.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* «The Mahometans hold that the Balance wherein all things shall be weighed on the Judgment Day is of so vast a size that its two scales will contain both heaven and earth, and that one scale will hang over Paradise, and the other over hell. . . . The Bridge, called in Arabic *al Sirât*, is, they say, laid over the midst of hell, and is finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, and those who cannot pass this bridge fall into hell.»
—SALE'S PRELIM. DISC.

† The four Khalifs next in succession to Mohammed; viz., Omar, Ali, Osman, and Abubekhr.

‡ *Murad* signifies *destiny.*

THE DOWRY

(*Nubian*—Fifteenth Century)

A CHANGE came over my husband's mind:
He loved me once, and was true and kind;
His heart went astray, he wished me away,
But he had no money my dower to pay.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,*
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

For blessed be Allah! he's old and poor,
And my cocks and hens were his only store;
So he kept me still, for well he knew
If I went, that the cocks and hens went too.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

But I saw him pining day by day,
As he wished his poor wife far away;
So I went my rival home to call,
And gave her the hen-house, and him, and all.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

Then he tore his turban off his brow,
And swore I never should leave him now,
Till the death-men combed his burial locks:
Then blessed for ever be hens and cocks.
Sing Durwadeega, Durwadee,
Oh dear to me is Durwadee.

FRONTI NULLA FIDES

(*Turkish*)

BEWARE of blindly trusting
To outward art
And specious sheen,
For Vice is oft incrusting
The hollow heart
Within unseen.

*This refrain is Nubian for «My henhouse, oh, my henhouse»; this henhouse being the property of the wife, and a part of the dowry which the husband is obliged to return to her, in case of a divorce.

See that black pool below thee!
There Heaven sleeps
In golden fire;
Yet, whatsoe'er they show thee,
The mirror's deeps
Are slime and mire.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO A TURKISH AUTHOR

(*Turkish*)

THAT none may dub thee tactless dund'rhead,
Confine thy pen to light chit-chat,
And rattle on as might a letter!
For ninety-nine of every hundred
Hate Learning, and, what's more than that,
The hundredth man likes berresh* better!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

MEMORY

(*Turkish*)

THE characters the slight reed traces
Remain indelible through ages;
Strange, then, that Time so soon effaces
What Feeling writes on Memory's pages!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

TO AMÍNE, ON SEEING HER ABOUT TO VEIL HER MIRROR

(*Turkish*)

VEIL not thy mirror, sweet Amíne,
Till night shall also veil each star:
Thou seest a two-fold marvel there,-
The only face as fair as thine,
The only eyes that near or far
Can gaze on thine without despair!

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

* A preparation of opium.

LAMENT

(*Turkish* — Eleventh Century)

LIKE a cypress-tree,
Mateless in a death-black valley,
Where no lily springeth,
Where no bulbul singeth,
Whence gazelle is never seen to sally,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a wandering bee,
Alien from his hive and fellows,
Humming moanful ditties;—
Far from men and cities
Roaming glades which autumn rarely mellows,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

Like a bark at sea,
All whose crew by night have perished,
Drifting on the ocean
Still with shoreward motion,
Though none live by whom Hope's throb is cherished,
Such am I: Woe is me!
Poor, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

So I pine and dree
Till the night that knows no morrow
Sees me wrapped in clay-vest:
Thou, chill world, that gavest
Me the bitter boon alone of Sorrow,
Give, then, a grave to me,
Dark, sad, all unknown,
Lone, lone, lone!

From the 'Firak-Nameh' (The Farewell Book) of
AHI, THE SIGHER.

PASSAGE

(*Arabian* — Twelfth Century)

I SEE not the strand,
For you all understand
That I pass for a mariner;
None can be barrener
Either of houses or land:
But I sail up and down a Red Sea;
For the wine that I lift to a lip
Rather given to curl in the way called derisive,
Whenever a brute is disposed to dispute
My pretensions to sip
Everlastingly, is, I've
A notion,
An ocean
To me and to all jolly bibbers like me;
And the glass is my ship.

From the 'Kafwut-Nameh' (Book of Rubies).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. Transcribed by

GHALIB.

TO MIRIAM, ON HER HAIR

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

ETHIOPIANS are thy locks:
In each hair
Lurks a snare
Worse than Afric's gulfs and rocks.
They who swear
By that hair
Swear the Koran's oath aright:
By the black Abyss of Night!

SELMAN.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

To Yusuf Ben Ali Ben Yacoob

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

I wrote, Y—— is a wretched proser,
Though tolerable verse-composer:
But 'twas not *thee* I satirized;
And I confess I feel surprised
To see thee thus take fire like nitre;
For thou art wrong, and thou shouldst know it;
Thou *art* indeed a poor prose-writer,
But *not* a tolerable poet.

Scheichi II.,
Surnamed Djaghidshurdshi.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

To a Friend who had Invited the Author to Supper, and Read to Him a Book of his Ghazels

(*Arabian* — Fifteenth Century)

Thine entertainment, honest friend, had one insufferable fault,—
Too little salt was in thy songs, too much about thy meats and salads:
In future show a better taste,—take from thy table half the salt,
And put it where 'tis wanted more, in thine insipid batch of ballads.

Djeseri Kasim-Pasha,
Surnamed Safi, or The Speckless.

SAYING OF KEMALLEDIN KHOGENDI

(*Persian* — Fourteenth Century)

The words of the wise and unknown, quoth Zehir, are buds in a garden,
Which flower when summer is come, and are called for the harem by girls;
Or drops of water, saith Sa'di, *which silently brighten and harden,*
Till khalifs themselves exclaim, They blind me, those dazzling pearls!

SAYINGS OF DJELIM

(*Arabian*—Sixteenth Century)

I TOO was reared in Djelim's house; and thus his precepts run and are:—
When Folly sells thee Wisdom's crown, 'tis idly gained and dearly bought;
Oh! foremost man of all his race, born under some diviner star,
Who, early trained, self-reined, self-chained, can practice all that Lokman taught.

The joys and cares of earth are snares: heed lest thy soul too late deplore
The power of sin to wile and win her vision from the Eight and Four.
Lock up thyself within thyself; distrust the stranger and the fair:
The fool is blown from whim to whim by every gust of passion's gales.
Bide where the lute and song are mute; and as thy soul would shun despair,
Avert thine eyes from woman's face when twilight falls and she unveils.
Be circumspect; be watchmanlike: put pebbles in thy mouth each day:
Pause long ere thou panegyrize; pause doubly long ere thou condemn.
Thy thoughts are Tartars, vagabonds: imprison all thou canst not slay,—
Of many million drops of rain perchance but one turns out a gem.

From the 'Fazel-Nameh' (Book of Virtue) of
SCHINASI, or The Knowing One.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

LINES ON THE LAUNCHING OF THE BASH-TARDAH*

(*Turkish*)

"WEIGH anchor!" cried the Padishah,
"Quick! ere the day be a moment older,
And launch the peerless Bash-tardah!
No nobler vessel sails, or bolder."
Who hear the order must obey: they get the Proud One under way,
And along her dark-blue road she sweeps—
The Jewel of the World—behold her!

* Bash-tardah, head-ship (an admiral's ship).

Walking the Bosphorus like a queen,
Unparalleled and uncontrolled, her
Green flag will centuries hence be seen
When kiosks and mosques and *deereks** molder.
Let Venice's galleys menace now,—armed all and manned from poop to prow:
There goes the empress of the seas!
The Jewel of the World,—behold her!
Long as her gallant mainmast towers,
Long as the joyous waves uphold her,
So long her crew will dare the Giaours,
Will meet them shoulder up to shoulder.
Oh, the days of Selim† shall return—again the Moslem's breast shall burn,
Pondering what Marmora was of yore,
When rich in such— Our boast—behold her!
Cold is the Captain-Pasha's‡ lay;
But may his heart be even colder,
May his eyes and mouth be filled with clay,
And a winding-sheet be his enfolder,
When he shall see with heedless eye yon glorious pennon flout the sky!
It is *her* pennon—there she goes!
The Jewel of the World,—behold her!

Author Unknown.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

DESCRIPTION OF MORNING

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

ANOTHER night is fled,
Another morning rises red;
The silver stars that twinkle
Through saffron curtains here and there
Gleam like the pearls that sprinkle
A virgin's golden hair.

* Pillars.

† Selim I., the ninth Sultan of the Ottoman Dynasty, and one of the most victorious monarchs by sea and land, of modern times.

‡ The name of the author of this lay is unknown: he merely gives his title, *Kapudan-basah.*

New beams and brighter smile
Along the skies, and while
Aurora's colors clamber
The mountains of the dawn,
The sun, a globe of amber,
In silentness has drawn
Within his own warm sphere, as morn by morn he draws
Each glistening straw that strews the Way of Straws.*

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EFFECTS OF LAZINESS

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

I left the fabric of my hopes to other hands to rear:
It fell; and then I wept for grief, and wondered at its fall.
Be wiser thou: One Hand hath framed the Universal All;
That wrought alone: do thou the same, or swift decay is near.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO MAILUKA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

When the misbelieving Guebre saw
Thy black locks and dazzling brow,
Wonder smote him to the soul, and awe.
Bilirim! † he cried: I now
See that God should be adored
For the darkness as the light;
Allah Akbar! ‡ God the Lord
Made not only day but night.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* The Turks call the Milky Way *Saaman Yoli*, the Straw-Way.
† Credo.
‡ God is great.

TO RAYAB ANA SHEREHEMIZ, THE FEMALE TRAVELER

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

What! wandering still without a bound?
Nay, Rayab, this is worse than folly—
'Tis cruel, since o'er earth's wide round
Thy slaves must follow, fast or slowly;
If thou decline to stand thy ground
The world must turn pedestrian wholly,
Nor will one *soul* at rest be found
In Roumilee* or Anadoli.†

Lamii (Mohammed Ben Osman Ben Ali Nakkash).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO ZUREIDA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

Thy waist many swear
Is the Region of Naught,
And they call thy loose hair
The Black Desert of Ghaut;‡
But persons of taste
Are content to declare
That thy hair is a waste,
While thy waist is a hair.

Lamii (Mohammed Ben Osman Ben Ali Nakkash).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

OPINIONS NO PINIONS

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

Oh,—show—no vain triumph o'er thy neighbors!
They—may—lay snares for thy shameful fall:
Ill—will—skill repay thy anxious labors
When—men—pen or form dislike of all.

*Roumelia or Romania: the Orientals spell it *Rum-i-lee;* with them it sometimes stands for Hungary, sometimes for European Turkey, and sometimes, as here, for all Europe.

†Asia (Anatolia).

‡Karajaban Ghauti is the name of a fabulous desert to the north of the fabulous Mountain of Kaf.

Keep — deep — sleep when Self and Pride are preaching!
More — soar — o'er the planets than are wise;
Far — are — star and sun beyond thy reaching;
Why — fly — high since clouds must wrap the skies?

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

ORTHODOXY, OR THE DOXY?

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

ONE day in catechizing me, the Khodja* asked me Whether
I could feel happy in a palace, living in idolatry:
I said, With her I worshiped, surely, though we dwelt together
Not underneath a palace roof, but in a cave or hollow tree.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE PANEGYRIC OF AMRAPOLAS, NEAR BRUSA

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

OH, NEVER, never, since this world
Unfurled
Her banner,
And began her
Harmonious race, did Nature grace, did Fancy trace,
Elsewhere a place
So redolent of all delight
For sight
And soul as
Amrapolas!
Praised be her dales, her nightingales, her verdurous vales!
Praised be her gales,
Loaded with spicy perfumes rare;
Her fair
Mild evens,
Her blue heavens,
And those rich beams, like diamond-gleams, that light her streams,
Which poet's dreams

* Doctor of the Law.

Of Paradise itself were faint
To paint
Elysian
As that vision!
Praised be her bright bland lakes of light, her noble night,
Begemmed and dight
With stilly hosts of traveling stars
In cars
All glancing
And advancing!
Praised be her dawn, when, night withdrawn, along the lawn
The playful fawn
Bounds with light heart and feet to meet
And greet
Day's dun light
Ere the sunlight
Gilds wave and shore and dances o'er the emerald floor
Of earth once more!
Praised be her soil, and hers alone!
I own
None other
For my Mother!
And oh! when drest in Death's pale vest, may Lamii rest
On her soft breast!

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TROPHY TAKEN FROM LOVE

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

WOE is me! Since first I tasted
That rich cup of Love delicious
Sweetened by Gulnare,
I am grown so lean and wasted
She can draw me as she wishes
By a single hair.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

HAROUN-AL-RASHID AND THE DUST

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

I AM but dust, said Hassan, as he bowed
His face to earth abashèd,
And in my Khalif's glance I flourish or I wither.
Since you are only dust, replied aloud
The great Haroun-Al-Rashid,
Be good enough to say what wind has blown you hither.

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

WHAT IS LOVE?

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

WHAT is Love? I asked a lover;
Liken it, he answered, weeping,
To a flood unchained and sweeping
Over shell-strown grottoes, over
Beds of roses, lilies, tulips,
O'er all flowers that most enrich the
Garden, in one headlong torrent,
Till they show a wreck from which the
Eye and mind recoil abhorrent.
Hearts may woo hearts, lips may woo lips,
And gay days be spent in gladness,
Dancing, feasting, lilting, luting,
But the end of all is Sadness,
Desolation, Devastation,
Spoliation, and Uprooting!

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

EPIGRAM

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

GET silver ice, O jeweler, to cool thy golden wine;
It grows too fierce and heady:
So spake the guest. No, quoth his host,— this ruby, I opine,
Is *cold enough* already.*

LAMII (MOHAMMED BEN OSMAN BEN ALI NAKKASH).

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

FROM 'BHANG U BADEH'

(*Turkish*)

I AM Bhang,† a magnificent name —
A globe of light — a pillar of flame —
A bridge of pearl — a dome of gold —
A guide to mysteries untold —
A talisman for young and old.
I am smooth as Iran's marble,
Green as Oman's glassy deep;
When I please I lull and warble
Shahs themselves to sleep.
Nobles flock to my ancient college,
From north and west, and the furthest distance,
For I alone give a lucid knowledge
Of Nature, Spirit, and Non-Existence.
My place is with the learned and solemn,
And where the student with clasped hands
Muses, like Medjnoon,‡ and stands
All day moveless as a column.
Statesmen reverence me and bless me;
Damsels fondle and caress me;
Kings and Kalenders combine
To honor Me, the Pure and Placid,
Knowing that, unlike to wine,
My sweetness never turns to acid:

* The four great tests of the ruby with Oriental jewelers are, its hardness, lustre, specific gravity, and *coldness*.

† An intoxicating drink.

‡ The hero of a celebrated romance by the Persian poet Nizami, and of many other romances by Turkish imitators: he is said to have stood so long rooted to the spot where he first beheld his beloved (Leila) that the birds came and nested on his head. *Medjnoon* signifies love-crazed.

For I am the seal of perpetual grace,
The mirror of truth, the key to fame,
And he who would find a resting-place
For his fainting soul in eternity's race,
Must fly to Me as the moth to the flame.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine. FOOZOOLI.

GHAZEL AND SONG

(*Turkish*)

SUMMER yet lingers, yet blushes and blesses,
Dazzling the dells with her sunbeamy tresses:
Here let us revel, defying excesses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Wine and the lute, amid roses and jesses,*
Make our earth Eden, as Hafiz confesses;
Sultans have troubles, but nothing depresses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Man cannot live upon berries and cresses;
Life's is a banquet luxuriant in messes;
Deep let us drink while existence progresses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Naught will we know of past woes or successes;
Naught will we yield to but Pleasure's caresses;
Naught but the spirit of riot possesses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Slaves, whom the load of the present oppresses,
Fools, who would fathom the future's recesses,
Kiss the goose,† all of ye! Nothing distresses
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

Who shall hereafter (all fame retrogresses)
Know of Nihaun and his friends but by guesses?
Deep let us drink, then, unfearing excesses,
Sky-scalers — madcaps — with wine-wetted dresses!

ABDALLAH NIHAUNI.
(Born in Constantinople. *Ob.* 1519. Buried at Mecca.)

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* Jessamines.

† A drinking-vessel shaped like a goose (in Turkish, *Bat*).

CAST NOT PEARLS BEFORE SWINE

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

FAIREST in ten thousand, list and be admonished!
Walk not forth at evening: wherefore let thy light fall
Where none comprehend its wondrous loveliness?
Those thy beauty dazzles will be so astonished
When they see the sun thus shining after nightfall,
That they may arraign thee as a sorceress.

RAHIKI, of Constantinople.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

TO MÍHRI

(*Turkish*—Sixteenth Century)

MY STARLIGHT, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine.
Ah! didst thou lay bare
Those dark tresses of thine,
Even night would seem bright
To the hue of thy hair, which is black as despair.
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine:
Ah! didst thou disclose
Those bright features of thine,
The Red Vale* would look pale
By thy cheek, which so glows that it shames the rich rose.
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not, or millions must pine:
Ah! didst thou lay bare
That white bosom of thine,
The bright sun would grow dun
Nigh a rival so rare and so radiantly fair!
My starlight, my moonlight, my midnight, my noonlight,
Unveil not, unveil not!

RAHIKI, of Constantinople.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* *Kuzzil Ragh*, the Red Valley; in all probability the Valley of Roses at Edreen.

NIGHT IS NEARING

(*Persian* — Fifteenth Century)

ALLAH Akbar!
All things vanish after
brief careering;
Down one gulf life's myriad barks are steering;
Headlong mortal! hast thou ears for hearing?
Pause! Be wise! The Night, thy Night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Towards the darkness whence no ray is peering,
Towards the void from which no voice comes cheering,
Move the countless doomed — none volunteering —
While the winds rise and the night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
See the palace-dome its pride uprearing
One fleet hour, then darkly disappearing!
So must all of Lofty or Endearing
Fade, fail, fall; — to all the night is nearing!
Night is nearing!

Allah Akbar!
Then, since naught abides, but all is veering,
Flee a world which Sin is hourly searing;
Only so mayst front thy fate unfearing
When life wanes, and death, like night, is nearing!
Night is nearing!

BABA KHODJEE.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE THANKSGIVING OF THE PHARISEE

(*Turkish* — Fifteenth Century)

I GIVE God thanks for this, that I
Am no low slipper-licker's debtor:
If Heaven itself were not so high,
I scarce could bear to rest its debtor.

A Durweesh am I — naught beside:
I might be worse, and may be better;

But one thought swells my heart with pride,—
I am no man's tool and no man's debtor.

I am sleek and stout; my face is bright;
No cares corrode, no vices fetter
My cushioned soul;—I snore at night,
But never yet was opium's debtor.

I love the stars, the sun, the moon;
When Summer goes I much regret her:
But who holds Kaf or robs Karoon
I don't much care,—I'm not their debtor.

So writeth Mahmoud Fakrideed
In this his lay, or lilt, or letter;
Which he or she that runs may read,
And be therefor perchance his debtor.

By the DURWEESH FAKRIDEED of Klish.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES

(*Arabian* — Fourteenth Century)

*MY EYES are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years:
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay,
With my long-lost youth's compeers!
For back to the Past, though the thought brings woe,
My memory ever glides,—
To the old, old time, long, long ago—
The Time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago—
The Time of the Barmecides.

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will,
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,

*The Baramekee, or Barmecides, were the most illustrious of the Arabian nobles for hospitality, intelligence, and valor. Their downfall, by means of court intrigues, occurred in the reign of the great Haroun al-Rashid, about the beginning of the ninth century.

And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Bedaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides,
Ere my friends lay low — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

One golden djam* illumed my board,
One silver zhaun† was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare:
For those were days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides,—
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides,
When hearts could glow — long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
Were free to rove and roam,
Our canopy the deep of the sky,
Or the roof of the palace-dome;—
Oh, ours was that vivid life to and fro
Which only Sloth derides:
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides;
Men spent life so, long, long ago,
In the Time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once agen,
With its turrets of Moorish mold,
And the Khalif's twice five hundred men,‡
Whose binishes§ flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
Which the pall of oblivion hides,—
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the Time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
With the Time of the Barmecides!

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
And I bend with the weight of years:

* Goblet.
† Dish.
‡ His body-guard.
§ Cavalry cloaks.

May I soon go down to the House of Clay
Where slumber my youth's compeers!
For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
My memory ever abides,
And I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the times gone long ago,
For the Times of the Barmecides!

Author Unknown.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

GHAZEL: THE WORLD

(*Turkish* — Fifteenth Century)

To this khan — and *from* this khan
How many pilgrims came — and went too!
In this khan — and *by* this khan
What arts were spent — what hearts were rent too!
To this khan — and *from* this khan,
Which for penance Man is sent to,
Many a van and caravan
Crowded came — and shrouded went too!
Christian man and Mosleman,
Guebre, Heathen, Jew, and Gentoo,
To this khan — and *from* this khan
Weeping came — and sleeping went too!
A riddle this since Time began
Which many a sage his mind hath bent to;
All came and went, but never man
Knew whence they came or where they went to!

KEMAL-OOMI.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

DARK ASPECT AND PROSPECT

(*Turkish* — Sixteenth Century)

AH! CEASE to shroud the radiance of those cheeks,
Those eyes that pale the lightnings of the opal!
An eclipse of the sun for days and weeks
Forebodes disaster in Constantinople! *

ABDULKERIM.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

THE ARAB LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

(*Nile Song* — Fifteenth Century)

I

THOU art the palm-tree of my desert,
and thy glance, so soft and bright,
Is the moonlight of my spirit
in its long and dreary night;
Only flower in my heart's deserted garden —
only well
In my life's wide, lonely wilderness —
my gentle-eyed gazelle!

II

But the palm-tree waves in sunny
heights, unreached by sighs of mine,
And the moonlight has its mission first
on loftier brows to shine,
And a wealthier hand will cull that
flower — unseal that stainless spring:
May'st thou be happy! — even with him,
while lone I'm wandering.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* An allusion, probably, to the couplet of Salaheddin: —

Woe, woe to Stamboul when through many days
The midsummer sun shall be shorn of his rays!

MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER

(*Nile Song** — Arabic)

THE MOTHER

MY DAUGHTER, 'tis time that thou wert wed:
Ten summers already are over thy head;
I must find you a husband, if under the sun
The conscript-catcher has left us one.

THE DAUGHTER

Dear mother, *one* husband will never do:
I have so much love that I must have two;
And I'll find for each, as you shall see,
More love than both can bring to me.

One husband shall carry a lance so bright:
He shall roam the desert for spoil by night;
And when morning shines on the tall palm-tree,
He shall find sweet welcome home with me.

The other a sailor bold shall be:
He shall fish all day in the deep blue sea;
And when evening brings his hour of rest,
He shall find repose on this faithful breast.

MOTHER

There's no chance, my child, of a double match,
For men are scarce and hard to catch;
So I fear you must make *one* husband do,
And try to love him as well as two.

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

* Each verse is first sung by a single voice, the last two lines being given in full chorus. The music is very gay.

A Group of Indian Epigrams

Edited for the 'Library,' by Chas. R. Lanman, the translator

AN INDIAN NARCISSUS

[It is a bit of genuinely Indian exaggeration that the flower-girl should be fooled by supposing the reflection of her own blue eyes in the water to be real lotuses.]

THOU maiden fair, that by the lotus-pool
The dark-blue lilies gatherest,
There floats one beauty near thy hand.
Why pluck'st it not? why hesitating stand?
The reason I may guess:
The mirrored loveliness
Of thine own orbèd eyes of blue,
So lotus-like in shape and hue,
Full oft deceived thee.
"If thou'rt a blossom real," sayst thou,
"I'll not believe thee."

SORRY CUPID'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

Ascribed to the poet Bhartri-hari, and said to be a recital of his own experience. Among the most notable recurrences of the same motif are those found in an idyl of the Sicilian Moschos, and in Heine's 'Buch der Lieder, Lyrisches Intermezzo,' No. 39.

MY SWEETHEART, ever in my thoughts, shows me indifference cold:
She loves a man, who unto yet another maid hath told
His love,— in vain; for I am loved by his most cruel she.
Fie, sweetheart, on you, on your man, on Love, on maid, on me!

MAHATMA

FALLEN in evil case, thy courage wavereth not;
Thy work thou followest, heedful, resolute,
Neck to the yoke. Sorrow — when 'tis thy lot,
O lofty soul* — thou bearest till thy foes be mute.

* "Lofty soul" is here the English for *mahātma*, whose proper connotation differs *toto cælo* from that which it has for the modern "Theosophist."

DETACHMENT

FULL sudden fall the blows of sorrow deep.
The fresh-made wounds we hardly may endure,
They touch our vitals so. But courage keep!
Not brooding on them is the sovereign cure!

«WHEN I HAVE A CONVENIENT SEASON»

ON NAUGHT but play will happy childhood think;
The youth to blooming maid his love must bring;
And since old age in streams of care doth sink,
To sovran Brahm no mortal wight will cling.

SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

THOUSANDS of gods like Indra great,
Hundreds of kings of royal state,
Have seen, by Time's almighty hand,
Their glories so put out
As are the flames of lamps that stand
Where puffs the wind about.

FROM THE 'GARLAND OF QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS'

Q. WHAT lack I yet? what for my soul remaineth
To know, that all these longings then may cease?

A. Salvation, wherein simplest soul attaineth
The knowledge that doth end in perfect peace.

Q. What must I know, the which when comprehending,
Their secret thought from all the worlds I wrest?*

A. On all-embracing Brahm thy spirit bending,
That know, Prime Form of Being, Manifest.

* Faust:—

Dass ich erkenne, was die Welt
Im Innersten zusammenhält.

«WORK OUT YOUR SALVATION WITH HEEDFULNESS»

(Buddha's Dying Word)

Unheedfulness,—that is the worst of foes;
Unheedfulness, of poisons all, most fell:
It is the path to hell and death that goes;
The robber at salvation's citadel.

THE LETTER KILLETH

Some men do read the Vedas four,
And many a book of sacred lore,
And know their spirit, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth.

SHAM ADMIRATION IN LITERATURE

Not every poem's good because it's ancient,
Nor mayst thou blame it just because it's new.
Fair critics test, and prove, and so pass judgment;
Fools praise or blame as they hear others do.

REALITIES

In every wood upon the trees there grow
Fruits easy pluckt, thy hungry mouth to fill;
In every place the purest brooks do flow,
Whose waters cool and sweet thy thirst would still;
And on their banks the softest couch is laid,
From tender shoots of lovely creepers made.
Food, drink, and bed!—Why, wretched fool, for more
Wilt serve or toady at some rich man's door?

WISDOM IS BETTER THAN RUBIES

In all the world there are but jewels three:
Water, and rice, and wisdom's precious word.
The fool, when asked how many jewels he
May own, of precious stones doth count his hoard.

THE SENSES

A MAN is like a water-skin:*
Wisdom, like water, is within.
Five wretched senses man do cumber:
Four legs and neck are five in number.

If even one its tightness lose,
All water from the bag will ooze:
If of one sense man lose control,
All wisdom oozeth from his soul.

USE AND WASTE

FIE on that human being's life, I cried,
That's bare of service to his fellows done!
Hurrah for cattle! for at least their hide
Will serve for leather when their life is run.

«I WERE BUT LITTLE HAPPY IF I COULD SAY HOW MUCH»

«SWEET love,» I asked her, from my journey far
Now home returning, «Is it well with thee?»
No word she spake: her only answer this,—
That her two eyes all brimming with her tears
Love's story told and nothing left unsaid.

THE LOST HEART

HE— Remember me, O lady-love, pray I.
She—I'll have no memory, sir, for thee, say I.
He—Remembrance is a duty of the heart.
She—But mine is stolen: thou the robber art.

(«Where beauty moves and wit delights,
And sighs of kindness bind me,—
There, oh there, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.»)

* See Century Dictionary, under «bottle,» for illustration of water-skin.

«FULL MANY A FLOWER IS BORN TO BLUSH UNSEEN»

O JASMINE-BLOOM, thy cheek no fragrant zephyr
Did ever kiss; nor e'er did honey-drinker
Thy nectar sip. A rough bough hid thy petals.
Fled is thy beauty to the realm of change.

O COTTON-TREE!

O COTTON-TREE! far from the road thou standest.
Thou art so thorny! and no shade thou yieldest.
E'en apes do scorn thy fruit. No perfume hast thou,
So that the bees, the honey-drinkers, shun thee.*

O cotton-tree! thou art so void of goodness,
'Twere bootless we should visit thee. We pray thee,
Stand where thou art,
And let us sigh and pass.

SOLID SOMETHING

WHO solid learning, solid wit,
Courage, and solid character,—
Or solid ducats hath at hand,—
E'en gods do wait on his command!

JUST MY LUCK

SEE I a dog? there's ne'er a stone to throw!
Or stone? there's ne'er a dog to hit, I trow!
Or if at once both stone and dog I view—
It is the king's dog! Damn! what can I do?

THE FIVE DOUBLE *U*'S

WINSOMENESS, wardrobe, words of eloquence,
Wisdom, and wealth, bring men to consequence.
That's something which a man in vain pursues
Who is not blest with these five *w*'s.†

* The road through the Indian Hell is foul with the stench of the rotting corpses of sinners; it passes rivers of boiling water, jars of boiling oil, and plains of white sand exceeding hot, and is beset with cotton-trees (Mahābhārata, xviii. 2, 17 pp.).

† The Sanskrit word for each of these five things begins with *w*.

DEATH BETTER THAN POVERTY

A POOR man to a grave-yard went with speed,
And to a corpse he spake that rested there:*
"Ho, rise, friend, quick! one moment help me bear
My heavy load of poverty and need.
Tired am I now. Long do I yearn to see
The quiet ease that death hath brought to thee."

The corpse bethought himself:—
"Full well I know
Death's yoke is easy,
Poverty's not so."
Never a word spake he.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS

(I)

FOR one brief hour we tarry with our loves.
The wheel of birth and death, aye whirling, moves
Round the long paths from primal naught to Brahm's abode.
We joy to give those loves the name of "brother,"
Of "friend," perhaps, of "father," or of "mother."
Alas! they're chance acquaintance met upon the road.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS

(II)

[It is still a familiar sight in a German village to see the women go to the public fountain to fetch water, and stop for a while to gossip with their neighbors. To such a stop is the span of human life likened.]

SHORT time we bide together here below,
Like maids that to the village fountain go:
By fate unto one meeting-place we're led;
By Karma then forever sunderèd.

* In the 'Frogs' of Aristophanes (172–177), Dionysos asks a corpse to carry some baggage to Hades; but tries to beat him down on the price from two drachmæ (12 obols) to nine obols. The corpse makes answer, "I'd sooner come to life again." Mr. James Russell Lowell told my colleague, Professor Goodwin, that he considered this "the best joke of antiquity."

*ΦΩΝΑΝΤΑ ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙΣΙΝ**

[THE OCEAN SHOWS A TIDE, BUT A PUDDLE DOES NOT]

THE moon's bright rays to flood will swell
The boundless ocean's breast;†
And though on springs she casts her spell,
Unmoved their waters rest.

Some touch of greatness there must be
In common 'twixt the moon and sea.

And so it is with poets' work,
And men of common mind:
Their souls need first thy spirit's touch,
O poesy divine!

HIDE AND SEEK

I HIDE myself behind a tree;
Wilhelm seeks his little dove—
Seeks in vain, then gayly cries,
"Where art thou hidden, darling?"

I give no answer: on he goes,
Searching every leafy bush—
Seeks in vain, then gravely cries,
"Where art thou hidden, Esther?"

Still no answer: now he fumes,
Will no longer seek for me—
"Nay, if thou wilt not show thyself,
I'll leave thee, foolish maiden!"

Then he marches off in scorn:
Out I creep and follow him,
Mimicking his stately steps,
And smiling at his answer.

Now he stops and looks behind,
Sees me, clasps me to his breast—
Foolish maiden now no more,
Nor Esther, but sweet darling!

Saxon.

* Vocal to those that understand them.
† The ocean is called the "Boundless."

SONG OF THE TONGA-ISLANDERS

COME to Licoö! the sun is riding
Down hills of gold to his coral bowers;
Come where the wood-pigeon's moan is chiding
The song of the wind, while we gather flowers.

Let us plait the garland, and weave the chi,
While the wild waves dance on our iron strand;
To-morrow these waves may wash our graves,
And the moon look down on a ruined land.

Let us light the torches, and dip our hair
In the fragrant oil of the sandal-tree;
Strike the bonjoo, and the oola share,
Ere the death-gods hear our jubilee.

Who are they that in floating towers
Come with their skins of curdled snows?
They shall see our maidens dress our bowers,
While the hooni shines on their sunny brows.

Who shall mourn when, red with slaughter,
Finow sits on the funeral stone?
Who shall weep for his dying daughter?
Who shall answer the red chief's moan?

He shall cry unheard by the funeral stone,
He shall sink unseen by the split canoe,
Though the plantain-bird be his alone,
And the thundering gods of Fanfonnoo.

Let us not think 'tis but an hour
Ere the wreath shall drop from the warrior's waist;
Let us not think 'tis but an hour
We have on our perfumed mats to waste.

Shall we not banquet, though Tonga's king
To-morrow may hurl the battle-spear?
Let us whirl our torches and tread the ring,—
He only shall find our footprints here.

We will dive,—and the turtle's track shall guide
Our way to the cave where Hoonga dwells,
Where under the tide he hides his bride,
And lives by the light of its starry shells.

Come to Licoö! in yellow skies
The sun shines bright, and the wild waves play;
To-morrow for us may never rise;—
Come to Licoö, to-day, to-day.

Author Unknown.

KULNASATZ, MY REINDEER

A Lapland Song

KULNASATZ, my reindeer,
We have a long journey to go:
The moors are vast,
And we must haste.
Our strength, I fear,
Will fail, if we are slow;
And so
Our songs will do.

Kaigè, the watery moor,
Is pleasant unto me,
Though long it be,
Since it doth to my mistress lead,
Whom I adore.
The Kilwa moor
I ne'er again will tread.

Thoughts filled my mind,
Whilst I through Kaigè passed
Swift as the wind,
And my desire
Winged with impatient fire;—
My reindeer, let us haste!

So shall we quickly end our pleasing pain—
Behold my mistress there,
With decent motion walking o'er the plain.
Kulnasatz, my reindeer,
Look yonder where
She washes in the lake!
See, while she swims,
The water from her purer limbs
New clearness take!

Author and Translator Unknown.

BEWARE

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

Longfellow (*Folk-Song*, translated).

THE ROSY MUSK-MALLOW

(Romany Love-Song)

The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the south wind blows,
O my gipsy rose!
In the deep dark lanes where thou and I must meet—
So sweet!
Before the harvest moon's gold glints over the down,
Or the brown-sailed trawler returns to the gray sea-town,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the south wind's laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms by the moor-brook's flow,
So daintily O!
Where thou and I in the silence of night must pass,
My lass!
Over the stream with its ripple of song, to-night,
We will fly, we will run together, my heart's delight!
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the moor-brook's laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms within sound of the sea;
It curtsies to thee,
O my gipsy-queen, it curtsies adown to thy feet—
So sweet!
When dead leaves drift through the dusk of the autumn day,
And the red elf-lanthorns hang from the spindle-spray,
The rosy musk-mallow sways, and the sea's wild laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

The rosy musk-mallow blooms where the dim wood sleeps
And the bindweed creeps;
Through tangled wood-paths unknown we must take our flight
To-night!
As the pale hedge-lilies around the dark elder wind,
Clasp thy white arms about me, nor look behind.
The rosy musk-mallow is closed, and the soft leaves' laughter
Follows our footsteps after!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

«RESZKET A BOKOR, MERT»

TREMBLES the bush, because
On it the bird hath flown!
Trembles my heart because
Into my mind hath come—
Into my mind hath come
Thought of a maiden dear!
Over the whole wide world
She's the most precious gem!

Full is the Danube stream,
Soon it may overflow.
So in my inmost heart
Swelleth my passion's tide!
Lovest thou me, my rose?
Thee do I love, alone;

More than thy parents do
Thee do I fondly love.

When we together were,
Me thou didst love, I know:
Then 'twas warm summer-time,
Winter, cold winter's here now!
If now no more thou lov'st,
Yet may God bless thee, dear;
But if thou lov'st me still,
Bless thee a thousandfold!

PETÖFI SÁNDOR (MAGYAR).

Translation of Nathan Haskell Dole.

THE CAPTAIN IN LOVE

"CONDUCT thee wisely, Nicholas, as well becomes a captain,
Nor with thy children be at strife, nor venture to insult them;
For they an evil plot have laid, resolving they will slay thee."—
"Who is it with my children talks? who is it tells them stories?
Well! when the blooming spring shall come, and when shall come the summer,
To Xerolibada I go, and to our ancient quarters,—
Thither I go to wed my love, to take a fair-haired maiden:
With golden coins I'll deck my love, with strings of pearls adorn her."
The Pallicars they heard his words, and scornful was their anger;
Three shots they gave him all at once, and all the three were fatal.
"Down with the weakling fool!" they cried; "shoot down the worthless wanton!
From us he took the golden coins to win the fair-haired maiden.
Our fair-haired maid the pistol is, the sabre is our mistress."

Modern Greek.

LOVE DETECTED

MAIDEN, we kissed, but 'twas at night; and who thinkst thou beheld us?
The night beheld, the moon beheld, the moon and star of evening:
The star dropped earthward from the sky, and told the sea the story;
The sea at once the rudder told; the rudder told the sailor;
The sailor sang it at the door, where sat his sweetheart listening.

Modern Greek.

FOLK-SONGS

Country Loves

I sowed a bank with love, but all in vain,
For never one unlucky blade would grow!
It may be that it failed for want of rain;
Perhaps the seed was bad,—I do not know.
But all the seed I sowed on yonder plain,
I thought was love, 'twas only common grain;
And on that hill the seed that I let fall
Was only common barley after all!

The clouds have gathered, and I hear the rain;
The storm has troubled every fountain clear.
Love's fountain ne'er shall flow so bright again!
But stay! the sun's beginning to appear!
Love's fountain trembles when the storm it sees;
But while it rains, the sun shines on the trees.

If Heaven would grant the only joy I seek,
To move thy house and set it close to mine,
From window then to window we could speak,
And in two hearts would full contentment shine;
And in two hearts, with joy too great to tell,
Would love sincere and full contentment dwell.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

The Leaves of Maize

Oh, I would sing aloud, if I but knew
That while I'm singing, one I love could hear
But hills and vales and mountains part us two,—
The song, though sweet, can never reach her ear.

And we are parted by the fields of grain,—
She cannot hear me, I may sing in vain.
The vines, with wandering shade, between us are,—
She cannot hear me from her window far.

And we are parted by the poplars green,—
She cannot hear the whispering leaves between.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

Returned with Usury

O Swallow, flying close along the sea,
Turn back, turn back, and to my words attend:
From thy bright wing one feather give to me,
For I would write a letter to my friend.
And when I've written all, and made it clear,
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow dear.
And when 'tis written, and the seal is set,
I never more thy kindness will forget;
And when 'tis written all in gold, then I
Will give thy feather back, and see thee fly.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

O dove, that flying o'er the hill, dost stay thee
To make thy nest among the stones for cover,
Lend me a feather from thy wing, I pray thee,
That I may write a letter to my lover.
And when it's writ all fine, and doth content me,
I'll give thee back the pen that thou hast lent me;
And when it's written out and sealed together,
O dove, I'll give thee back the love-steeped feather.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

Santa Zita: The Miracle at the Well

A pilgrim poor to Zita came one day,
All faint and thirsty with the summer heat,
And for a little water did her pray.
'Twas close beside the well they chanced to meet—
She feared to give it, yet what could she say?
She answered humbly, and with words discreet:
"I wish, my brother, I could give thee wine,
But if the water please thee, that is thine."

This said, she drew some water from the well,
And with a cross the pitcher did she sign.
"O Lord," she said, while low her sweet voice fell,
"Let not this water hurt him,—he is thine."
The pilgrim, as he stooped to drink, could tell
Her thought before she spoke, "I wish 'twere wine."
He tasted, then, astonished, raised his head:
"But truly, this is precious wine," he said.

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

The Golden Girdle

I am young and little;—only just fifteen,
Yet in Love's book my name is written down.
They have taken off my maiden garments sheen,
And put me on to-day my bridal gown.
"Black gown and silver girdle," so they say,
"Love one, and let a hundred go their way."
"Black gown and golden girdle," say to me,
"Love only one, and let a hundred be."

Translation of Francesca Alexander.

Invocation

Go hence, my beauty, go in peace to sleep;
And may thy bed of violets be made;
Three rays of sunlight watch above thee keep,
Twelve stars beside thy pillow be arrayed;
And may the moon come rest upon thy face;
Remember me, thou child of noble race:
And may the moon come rest upon thy head;
Remember me, thou lily crimson-red:
The morning star be shining at thy feet;
Remember me when thou dost rise, my sweet.

Translation of Alma Strettell.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

Metastasio.

SCENT O' PINES

Love, shall I liken thee unto the rose
That is so sweet?
Nay, since for a single day she grows,
Then scattered lies upon the garden-rows
Beneath our feet.

But to the perfume shed when forests nod,
When noonday shines,
That lulls us as we tread the woodland sod,
Eternal as the peace of God—
The scent o' pines.

HUGH M'CULLOCH.

TO THE ROSE

Queenly rose, one mother holds us,
Thee and me, upon her breast;
All-sustaining nature folds us
In eternal arms at rest.

Little rose, our beauties perish;
Storms will strip both thee and me:
But the life seed that we cherish
Still will bud eternally.

HÖLDERLIN.

Translation of Charles H. Genung.

ALONE IN THE FIELDS

Amid the high green grass I rest me here,
And gaze into the depths of space unbounded:
The crickets' music comes from far and near,
By heaven's blue I'm wondrously surrounded;
The fair white clouds in silence slowly glide
Through deep blue skies, like fair and mute dream-faces:
I feel as if I long ago had died
And float in rapture through eternal spaces.

HERMANN ALLMERS.

Translation of Charles H. Genung.

«MENTRE RITORNA IL SOLE»

WHEN comes again the sun
After the shortened days and full of pain,
Thine eyes serene and bright I see again,
Thy words in memory run.

Of thee, sweet Vanishing,
Recalled but in the vision of love's dream,
The earth in flower to speak to me doth seem,
And every voice of Spring.

Like to some happy one,
The grieving of lost years grows less to me,
The while, O blessed Dream, I live in thee
When comes again the sun!

ENRICO PANZACCHI.

Translation of Frank Sewall.

«IF SPIRITS WALK»

«I have heard (but not believed) that spirits of the dead
May walk again.» — 'WINTER'S TALE.'

IF SPIRITS walk, Love, when the night climbs slow
The slant footpath where we were wont to go,
Be sure that I shall take the selfsame way
To the hill-crest, and shoreward, down the gray
Sheer graveled slope where straggling vetches grow.

Look for me not when gusts of winter blow,
When at thy pane beat hands of sleet and snow;
I would not come thy dear eyes to affray,
If spirits walk.

But when in June the pines are whispering low,
And when their breath plays with thy bright hair so
As some one's fingers once were used to play,
That hour when birds leave song and children pray,—
Keep the old tryst, sweetheart, and thou shalt know
If spirits walk.

ELLEN BURROUGHS.

THE PARTING LOVERS

SHE says, "The cock crows — hark!"
He says, "No! still 'tis dark."

She says, "The dawn grows bright;"
He says, "Oh no, my light."

She says, "Stand up and say,
Gets not the heaven gray?"

He says, "The morning star
Climbs the horizon's bar."

She says, "Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start;

"But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe!"

Chinese

Translation of William R. Alger.

THE PALM AND THE PINE

BENEATH an Indian palm a girl
Of other blood reposes;
Her cheek is clear and pale as pearl
Amid that wild of roses.

Beside a northern pine a boy
Is leaning fancy-bound,
Nor listens where with noisy joy
Awaits the impatient hound.

Cool grows the sick and feverish calm,
Relaxed the frosty twine,—
The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,
The palm-tree of the pine.

As soon shall nature interlace
Those dimly-visioned boughs,
As these young lovers face to face
Renew their early vows.

HEINRICH HEINE.

Translation of Richard Monckton Milnes.

THE BROOKSIDE

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill,—
I could not hear the brook flow,
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,
I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not,—
The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne:
The evening air passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind,—
A hand was on my shoulder,
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton).

HIS WAY

Love came to the door of the palace,
And the door was opened wide;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And they needed him much inside:
But he rattled his quiver and said with a sigh,—
"Can I enter an open door? Not I!
Not I! Not I!"

Love came to the castle window,
And he found a great broad stair;
There wasn't a thing to hinder,
And he might have mounted there:
But he fluttered his wings, and said with a sigh,—
"Can I plod up a staircase? No, not I!
Not I! Not I!"

* * *

Love came to the shore of the ocean,
And saw far over the strand
An inaccessible fortress
On a seagirt island stand.
"Who cares for an ocean?" he gayly cried,
And his rainbow wings were quickly plied:
"Not I! Not I!"

Love came to a lonely dungeon,
Where window and door were barred;
There was none who would give him entrance,
Though he knocked there long and hard.
Then, "Who cares for a bolt?" said the saucy elf;
And straightway the warder was Love himself!
"Not I! Not I!"

Eva L. Ogden.

DOWN THE BAYOU

WE DRIFTED down the long lagoon,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
Far out of sight of all the town;
The old cathedral sinking down,
With spire and cross, from view, below
The borders of St. John's Bayou,
As toward the ancient Spanish Fort,
With steady prow and helm a-port,
We drifted down, my Love and I,
Beneath an azure April sky,
My Love and I, my Love and I,
Just at the hour of noon.

We drifted down, and drifted down,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
Beyond the Creole part of town,
Its red-tiled roofs, its stucco walls,
Its belfries with their sweet bell-calls;
The Bishop's Palace, which enshrines
Such memories of the Ursulines;
Past balconies where maidens dreamed
Behind the shelter of cool vines;
Past open doors where parrots screamed;
Past courts where mingled shade and glare
Fell through pomegranate boughs, to where
The turbaned negress, drowsy grown,
Sat nodding in her ample chair;
Beyond the joyance and the stress,
Beyond the greater and the less,
Beyond the tiresome noonday town,
The parish prison's cupolas,
The bridges with their creaking draws,
And many a convent's frown,—
We drifted on, my Love and I,
Beneath the semi-tropic sky,
While from the clock-towers in the town
Spake the meridian bells that said—

'Twas morn — 'tis noon —
Time flies — and soon
Night follows noon.

Prepare! Beware!
Take care! Take care!
For soon — so soon —
Night follows noon,—
Dark night the noon,—
Noon! noon! noon! noon! . . .

With scarce the lifting of an oar,
We lightly swept from shore to shore,—
The hither and the thither shore,—
With scarce the lifting of an oar;
While far beyond, in distance wrapped,
The city's lines lay faintly mapped:
Its antique courts, its levee's throngs,
Its rattling floats, its boatmen's songs,
Its lowly and its lofty roofs,
Its tramp of men, its beat of hoofs,
Its scenes of peace, its brief alarms,
Its narrow streets, its old Place d'Armes,
Whose tragic soil of long ago
Now sees the modern roses blow,—
All these in one vast cloud were wound,
Of blurred and fainting sight and sound,
As on we swept, my Love and I,
Beneath the April sky together,
In all the bloomy April weather,—
My Love, my Summer Love, and I,
In all the blue and amber weather.

We passed the marsh where pewits sung,
My Love, my Summer Love, and I;
We passed the reeds and brakes among,
Beneath the smilax vines we swung;
We grasped at lilies whitely drooping
Mid the rank growth of grass and sedge,
Or bending toward the water's edge,
As for their own reflection stooping.
Then talked we of the legend old
Wherein Narcissus's fate is told;
And turned from that to grander story
Of heroed past or modern glory,
Till the quaint town of New Orleans,
Its Spanish and its French demesnes,
Like some vague mirage of the mind,
In Memory's cloudlands lay defined;

And back and backward seemed to creep
Commerce, with all her tangled tongues,
Till Silence smote her lusty lungs,
And Distance lulled Discord to sleep. . .

Slowly along the old shell road
Some aged negro, 'neath his load
Of gathered moss and *latanier*,
Went shuffling on his homeward way;
While purple, cool, beneath the blue
Of that hot noontide, bravely smiled,
With bright and iridescent hue,
Whole acres of the blue-flag flower,
The breathy Iris, sweet and wild,
That floral savage unsubdued,
The gipsy April's gipsy child.

Now from some point of weedy shore
An Indian woman darts before
The light bow of our idle boat,
In which, like figures in a dream,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I
Adown the sluggish bayou float;
While she, in whose still face we see
Traits of a chieftain ancestry,
Paddles her pirogue down the stream
Swiftly, and with the flexile grace
Of some dusk Dian in the chase.

As nears our boat the tangled shore,
Where the wild mango weaves its boughs,
And early willows stoop their hair
To meet the sullen bayou's kiss;
Where the luxuriant "creeper" throws
Its eager clasp round rough and fair
To climb toward the coming June;
Where the sly serpent's sudden hiss
Startles sometimes the drowsy noon,—
There the rude hut, banana-thatched,
Stands with its ever open door;
Its yellow gourd hung up beside
The crippled crone who, half asleep,
In garments most grotesquely patched,
Grim watch and ward pretends to keep
Where there is naught to be denied. . . .

Still darkly winding on before,
For half a dozen miles or more,
Past leagues and leagues of lilied marsh,
The murky bayou swerved and slid,
  Was lost, and found itself again,
And yet again was quickly hid
  Among the grasses of the plain.
As gazed we o'er the sedgy swerves,
The wild and weedy water curves
Toward sheets of shining canvas spread
High o'er the lilies blue and red.
So low the shores on either hand,
The sloops seemed sailing on the land.

Now here, now there, among the sedge,
  As drifted on my Love and I,
  Were groups of idling negro girls,
Half hid behind the swaying hedge
  Of wild rice nodding in the breeze.
Barefooted by the bayou's edge,
  Just where the water swells and swirls,
They watched the passing of our boat.
  Some stood like caryatides
With arms upraised to burdened heads;
Some, idly grouped among the weeds,
  With arms about their naked knees,
Or full length on the grasses cast,
Grew into pictures as we passed.
Our aimless course they idly noted;
Then out across the lowlands floated
Rude snatches of plantation songs,
In that sweet cadence which belongs
To their full-lipped, full-lungèd race.
  We heard the rustle of the grass
  They parted wide to see us pass:
Our boat so neared their resting-place,
We heard their murmurs of surprise,
And glanced into their shining eyes;
Then caught the rich, mellifluous strain
That fell and rose, and fell again;
And listened, listened, till the last
Clear note was mingled with the past. . . .

Aloft, on horizontal wing,
We saw the buzzard rock and swing;

That sturdy sailor of the air,
Whose agile pinions have a grace
That prouder plumes might proudly wear,
And claim it for a kinglier race.

From distant oak-groves, sweet and strong,
The voicy mocking-bird gave song,—
That plagiarist whose note is known
As every bird's, yet all his own.
As shuttles of the Persian looms
Catch all of Nature's subtlest blooms,
Alike her bounty and her dole,
To weave in one bewildering whole,
So has this subtile singer caught
All sweetest songs, and deftly wrought
Them into one entrancing score
From his rejoicing heart to pour.

The wind was blowing from the south
When we had reached the bayou's mouth,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I.
Laden it came with rare perfumes,—
With spice of bays, and orange blooms,
And mossy odors from the glooms
Of cypress swamps. Now and again,
Upon the fair Lake Pontchartrain,
White sails went nodding to the main;
And round about the painted hulls
Darted the sailing, swooping gulls,
Wailing and shrieking, as they flew
Unrestingly 'twixt blue and blue,
Like ghosts of drownèd mariners
Rising from deep-sea sepulchres,
To warn, with weird and woeful lips,
Who go down to the sea in ships. . . .

And now, whene'er an April sky
Bends o'er me like some vast blue bell;
When piping birds are in the reeds,
And earth is fed on last year's seeds;
When newly is the live-oak's tent
With tender green and gray besprent;
When wailing gulls are on the lake,
And woods are fair for April's sake;
When grassy plains their secrets tell,
And lilies with white wonder look

At other lilies by the brook;
When thrills the wild rice in the wind,
And cries the heron shrill and harsh
Along the lush and lonely marsh;
When in the grove the mocker sings,
And earth seems full of new-made things,
And Nature to all youth is kind,—
Once more, as in a vision, seem
To rise before me lake and stream:
Once more a semi-tropic noon,
A boat upon a long lagoon;
Two figures there, as in a dream,
Come, strangely dear and strangely nigh,
To touch me, and to pass me by;
And as they pass, once more I seem
To see, beneath the April sky,
In all the blue and silver weather,
My Love — my Summer Love — and I
Drift down the long lagoon together!

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

WATCHING

SLEEP, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep
Wide over groves of balm;
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run:
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care,
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun.
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now,
Or, with a soft caress,
The tremulous lip its own nepenthe press
Upon the weary lid and aching brow.
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circles in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing:
And with a loving sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear,
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent, that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbing of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes,
Peeps from the mortise in surprise
At such strange quiet after day's harsh din;
Then ventures boldly out,
And looks about,
And with his hollow feet
Treads his small evening beat,
Darting upon his prey
In such a tricksy, winsome sort of way,
His delicate marauding seems no sin.

And still the curtains swing.
But noiselessly;
The bells a melancholy murmur ring,
As tears were in the sky;

More heavily the shadows fall,
Like the black foldings of a pall,
Where juts the rough beam from the wall;
The candles flare
With fresher gusts of air;
The beetle's drone
Turns to a dirge-like, solitary moan:
Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone.

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON ("Fanny Forrester").

CLYTIA

THROUGH the blackness of night I can see,
Through the thickness of darkness light comes,
A gleam where no starlight can be,
A glance where no meteor roams:
When the feet of the morning are dark,
And the lamp of her eye is but dim,
And the flower of the field a dark spark,
The old glint of the wavelet a whim;
When a mist hides the earth from the sky,
When a sound of bells tolling is heard,—
A warning to ships that are nigh,
A silence of beast and of bird;
When the sad waves lament on the shore,
Or hurry and rush to the sand,
In wild waste, and tumult, and roar,
A purposeless, riotous band,—
Then over the night of my soul,
And over the tolling of death,
New fires of ecstasy roll
With the coming of Love, which is breath;
The green hollows whisper of birds,
The silences break into song,
And my spirit pours out into words
That to gladness and morning belong.
But alas for the glory of Dawn,
For his coming in fragrance and might,
Red roses and billowy lawn,
With the full patient moon in his sight,
If in vain do we wait for Love's feet,
And listen while the hours long delay,

And know that the lilies are sweet,
And the month is the month of May!
In vain would my spirit be glad,
If Love hath forgotten his way;
Or if slow he linger and sad,
In vain is the gladness of day.

ANNIE FIELDS.

TWO GUESTS

LOVE was erewhile my guest, but did outstay
His welcome in my breast. Be it confessed
I wearied of his raptures, his unrest,
His smiles, his tears, his too capricious sway.
At last, with show of grief, Love went his way,
Leaving me free to bid a nobler guest.
Now is my dwelling garnished, swept, and dressed
With rarest bloom, for him who comes to-day.
Ah, what new worlds of joy we two shall trace!
What clear, calm realms of thought we shall explore!
Yet do I thrill beneath this first embrace
With the old bliss and pain I knew of yore.
Can this be he whose presence I forswore?
Can this be Love with a new voice and face?

SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

TAKE HEART!

MARSH rosemary in Union Square!
How did it ever happen there?

A seaside flower that children pull,
Sold by the bunch and basketful!

Marsh rosemary! that grows by acres
Within a stone's-throw of the breakers!

The life of our Atlantic coast,
I know not when I love it most:

When it has caught those very hues
The sunset was so loth to lose;

When lying like a purple haze
It neither undulates nor sways;

When by the scythe its ranks are thinned,
Or only furrowed by the wind.

O you whose wistful eyes are wet,
You who are rooted in regret,

Who rarely have within your reach
The ravishment of sky and beach,

Who think the joys of life forsake us
Never again to overtake us,—

Mark how these sprays of rosemary
Dipped in the crimson of the sky,

Steeped in the violet of the sea,
To Union Square have followed me!

LUCY C. BULL.

AN EAST-INDIAN SONG

O WANDERER in the southern weather,
Our isle awaits us: on each lea
The pea-hens dance; in crimson feather
A parrot swaying on a tree
Rages at his own image in the enameled sea.

There dreamy Time lets fall his sickle
And Life the sandals of her fleetness,
And sleek young Joy is no more fickle,
And Love is kindly and deceitless,
And all is over save the murmur and the sweetness.

There we will moor our lonely ship,
And wander ever with woven hands,
Murmuring softly, lip to lip,
Along the grass, along the sands—
Murmuring how far away are all earth's feverish lands:

How we alone of mortals are
Hid in the earth's most hidden part,
While grows our love an Indian star,
A meteor of the burning heart,
One with the waves that softly round us laugh and dart;

One with the leaves; one with the dove
That moans and sighs a hundred days:
How when we die our shades will rove,
Dropping at eve in coral bays
A vapory footfall on the ocean's sleepy blaze.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

INDIAN MAID'S WAR SONG

HARK! the war song — the shouting — I hear the shrill sound;
They raise the red tomahawk out of the ground:
In the van of the battle my warrior must go;
Like the bloodthirsty panther he'll steal on his foe.

Yet with love his bold heart is still beating for me,
With a feeling like mine which death only can sever;
In kindness it flows as the sweet sugar-tree,
And akin to the aspen it trembles forever.

Nada-Wossi (*Canada*) *Poem.*

Translation in Dublin University Magazine.

BRANT TO THE INDIANS

YE BRAVES of the Ancient League — the people's defenders!
Here, in the gates of the South, the white foe comes,
Daring his doom, yet marching with banners and splendors,
With empty roar of cannon and rattle of drums.

These are the hungry eaters of land — the greedy
Devourers of forest and lake and meadow and swamp;
Gorged with the soil they have robbed from the helpless and needy,
The tribes that trembled before their martial pomp.

These are the rich who covet the humble goods of the poor;
The wise, who with their cunning the simple ensnare;
The strong, who trample the weak as weeds on the moor;
The great, who grudge with the small the earth to share.

But you are the valiant braves of Ho-den-a-sau-nee;
The tribes of the East were weaklings, with hearts of the deer;
Unconquered in war you are, and ever shall be,
For your limbs are mighty — your hearts are void of fear.

Continue to listen! These white men are liars who say
That red men are faithless to treaty, and heed not their pledge;
That they love but to ravage and burn, to torture and slay,
And to ruin the towns with torch, and the hatchet's edge!

The Spirit above gave his red children these lands,
The deer on the hills, the beaver and fowls in the ponds;
The bow and the hatchet and knife he placed in your hands,
And bound your tribes together in mighty bonds. . . .

Who are these farm-house curs that foolishly rant
At you, the untamable cubs of the mountain-cat?
Who is this lawyer that seeks on the war-path for Brant,
And struts with a new-bought sword and general's hat?

Why do these choppers of wood, these ox-driving toilers,
Lust for the ancient homes of Ho-den-a-sau-nee?
Why from their barnyards came these rustic despoilers?
Shall the sweet wilderness like their vile farms e'er be?

Can the warrior become a farmer's hired clown?
Shall he hoe like the squaw, or toss up grass on a fork?
Will the panther churn milk in the pen of the treadmill hound?
Or the bear wear an apron and do a scullion's work?

Continue to listen! Ye are not fashioned for slaves!
And that these blue-eyed robbers at once shall know:
Want they your lands?—they shall not even have graves,
Until their bodies are buried by winter's snow!

GUY HUMPHREY MCMASTER.

THE RACE OF THE «BOOMERS»

THE bleak o' the dawn, and the plain is asmoke with the breath of the frost,
And the murmur of bearded men is an ominous sound in the ear;
The white tents liken the ground to a flower-meadow embossed
By the bloom of the daisy sweet, for a sign that the June is here.

They are faring from countless camps, afoot or ahorse may be;
The blood of many a folk may flow in their bounding veins,
But, stung by the age-old lust for land and for liberty,
They have ridden or run or rolled in the mile-engulfing trains.

More than the love of loot, mightier than woman's lure,
The passion that speeds them on, the hope that is in their breast:
They think to possess the soil, to have and to hold it sure,
To make it give forth of fruit in this garden wide of the West.

But see! It is sun-up now, and six hours hence is noon;
The crowd grows thick as the dust that muffles the roads this way;
The blackleg stays from his cards, the song-man ceases his tune,
And the gray-haired parson deems it is idle to preach and pray.

. . . . . .

And over the mete away the prairie is parched and dry,
A creature of mighty moods, an ocean of moveless waves;
Clean of a single soul, silent beneath the sky,
Waiting its peopled towns, with room for a host of graves.

The hours reel on, and tense as a bow-cord drawn full taut
Is the thought of the Boomers all: a sight that is touched with awe;
A huddle of men and horse to the frenzy pitch upwrought,
A welter of human-kind in the viewless grip of Law.

. . . . . .

High noon: with a fusillade of guns and a deep, hoarse roar,
With a panting of short, sharp breaths in the mad desire to win,
Over the mystic mark the seething thousands pour,
As the zenith sun glares down on the rush and the demon's din.

God! what a race,—all life merged in the arrowy flight:
Trample the brother down, murder if need be so,
Ride like the wind and reach the Promised Land ere night,—
The Strip is open, is ours, to build on, to harrow and sow.

. . . . . .

So, spent and bruised and scorched, down trails thick-strewn with hopes
A-wreck did the Boomers race to the place they would attain;
Seizing it, scot and lot, ringing it round with ropes,
The homes they had straitly won through fire and blood and pain.

. . . . . .

While ever up from the earth, or fallen far through the air,
Goes a shuddering ethnic moan, the saddest of all sad sounds;
The cry of an outraged race that is driven otherwhere,
The Indian's heart-wrung wail for his hapless Hunting Grounds.

RICHARD BURTON.

DRAKE'S DRUM

DRAKE he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas;
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
And dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low:
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand miles away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',—
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

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